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[For the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.]

FOUL WEATHER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

The rain, upon the sodden grass,
Is beating, beating, wearily,
Gray clouds of mist like phantoms pass,
And the salt, wet wind wails drearily,
As it brings to me, from the shore afar,
The dirge of the surf on the outer bar.

II.

My heart, within my fevered breast,
Is beating, beating, wearily,
And Memory, with a sad unrest,
Walls through its chambers drearily,
Till I almost wish that the surf afar
Were singing my dirge on the outer bar!

[For the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.]

A CITY SKETCH.

BY GEITY GAY.

"Such soft flowers
From such rough rocks? The people under there
Can sin so, curse so, smell so, . . . laugh!
Yet have such daughters."—*Aurora Leigh.*

Aunt Rachel.

My aunt Rachel has not moved for forty years. Her principles are, I am told, just what they were a half a century ago. Her language is as quaint as old English text. Her formal dress is of the same sober hue and cut that it was before I came into existence. And, although all New York moved up-town years ago, she occupies the same house in which she was born. Her neighborhood was in former days very fashionable and pleasant, but in the lapse of time, it has become one of the worst in the city. But aunt Rachel seems to be unconscious of the fact, and nothing offends her so much as to declare it. The transitions in her house have taken place so gradually as to pass unheeded by its mistress, and her attachment for the old homestead has, no doubt, contributed not a little to blind her eyes to the disgrace of its surroundings. She occasionally invites her young relatives and friends, of whom she is very fond, to pay her a visit of a day or two, and much as they dislike her residence, aunt Rachel is too good, too rich, and too generous, to be refused, even by young folks, who are not generally so observant of policy as they learn to be in riper years.

I cannot tell whether aunt Rachel likes me much or not, for, being wayward and outspoken, I have often offended her prejudices, and incurred her displeasure; but I was nevertheless honored with an invitation to spend a day or two at her domicile. I did not dream of declining it, for "anything for a change" has always been my motto—one I have adhered to constantly, practically, and not seldom to my cost.

The next day after being invited, I dressed myself in my best, and started for aunt Rachel's. An omnibus took me near her street, and the remaining distance, the only perilous part of the journey, I performed on foot. I passed through a narrow, filthy thoroughfare, between uncouth, tumble-down shanties, and tall tenement houses, and was saluted at every step with smells which Falstaff appropriately designated as a "villainous compound." The sun was declining; the weather was so warm that the houses seemed to have boiled over, and deposited their scum, or inhabitants, on the sidewalks, which were crowded with old and young, male and female, all sitting or lounging, half naked, smoking, bawling, squealing, or sleeping, in the most contented state of beastliness. The children were covered with a thin coat of filth, which concealed their natural complexions, and their elders, who had charge of them, did not appear much more cleanly. The smallest and dirtiest urchins sprawled in my way, so that I found it hard to avoid treading on them, and the women stared at me with a glaring brazenness that was difficult to sustain.

I had almost reached aunt Rachel's when a drunken woman reeled up against me, and in escaping from her clutches, I was compelled to step into the muddy street. The creature seemed to regard me as the assailant, and, saluting me with a volley of coarse epithets, and waxing furious as she lashed about her with blasphemous vituperations, started toward me, stumbled, and fell into the gutter. A shout of laughter from a hundred gazers greeted her fall; and when she had scrambled to her feet, covered with mud, the shouts of derision that hailed her on all sides exasperated her to madness, and she flew after me like a tigress. I had just reached my aunt's stoop as the frenzied wretch overtook me, and, as I thought, was about to tear my clothes, and myself, perhaps, into pieces, when a large woman thrust herself between us, exclaiming—

"No ye don't, Nance, I tell ye; Mrs. Gray's visitors is sacred!"

My assailant did not heed this remonstrance, and was the next moment flung off by my protectress, with so much violence as to prostrate her upon the pavement. I ran up the stoop in a fright, and was overjoyed to see the door open before I could ring the bell. A very pretty girl, plainly dressed, who seemed to consider my adventure with the utmost coolness, received me kindly, thanked my preserver in the sweetest tones, and, regarding my defeated foe with a look of pity, observed, quietly:

"Poor woman! she was one of the most industrious and careful wives in the world till her husband took to drink and politics; but now there is little choice between them; they are the greatest drunkards and bullies in the neighborhood."

I found aunt knitting, as she had been daily, Sundays excepted, for the last forty or fifty years. She accorded me a placid, but cordial welcome, and entertained me during the afternoon, by exhibiting to my admiring gaze a thousand carefully-preserved relics of the past, the value of which she enhanced in her own eyes, and in mine, by recounting the circumstances connected with their origin and possession, with religious fidelity and minuteness. She made me several presents, and insisted upon my playing on an old rickety piano, doubtless one of the first ever made, whose tones were about as musical as the voice of an old crone of seventy attempting to sing. She listened to the diabolical squeaking I forced out of the instrument as if it were celestial harmony, and complimented me highly upon my skill as a musician. After partaking of an old-fashioned meal called tea, which included a great many good things, I read, at my aunt's request, a whole discourse to her from the works of her favorite divine, and a long chapter in the Bible, which rendered me insufferably sleepy. A tedious story she told me about my great-grandmother, in spite of my utmost attempts at wakefulness, lulled me at last into oblivion, from which I was not aroused till my aunt was herself about to retire for the night, and her servant-girl stood ready to show me to the bed-room assigned me. I refused peremptorily to sleep alone, and insisted upon having Lucy, the girl, as a bed-fellow. Aunt rebuked my foolish fears, but allowed me to have my way. I now did not feel a whit inclined to sleep; and when alone with Lucy, whose loveliness surprised and interested me more and more, I begged that she would tell me her history. She seemed to regard my curiosity as a compliment, and complied with my request with obliging simplicity and ingenuousness.

Lucy.

"I have been told," said Lucy, "that my parents were both very handsome; but I cannot recollect my mother, for she died when I was an infant; and my father, after her death, caused, in a great measure by his own neglect and cruelty, married for money a woman much older than himself, and grew so great a drunkard and gambler, that his vices soon marred his good looks, as well as his health and fortune. After he had spent his second wife's money, he neglected even the appearance of regard for her, and used her most shamefully. He was at times kind to me, which made my mother-in-law jealous, and she retaliated his unkindness upon me. She was not, however, altogether heartless; for, having, perhaps more than once, owed her life to my entreaties while my father was beating her, on one of which occasions I received a blow from his hand, intended for her, which stunned me,—she afterward began to treat me with some appearance of affection, which was cordially reciprocated by me, for I always wanted to love somebody, and I had always pitied her from my soul. As my father grew poorer, he became more morose, desperate, and abusive. One night he beat my mother-in-law senseless. I told him he had murdered her; he believed my words true, and fled to escape the punishment due to his guilt. After a while, however, I succeeded in bringing her back to life, but my father never returned. I learned, some months after, that he had immediately shipped before the mast in a clipper bound for California. There, I have heard, after making some money, he married again, and was at last killed in a desperate street fight.

"We were left in great poverty, and suffered very much, but we fought bravely with our hardships: my mother-in-law worked very hard, and exerted herself to her utmost to educate and bring me up properly, till she heard of my father's marriage two years after, when both her strength and will to do gave way, and she resigned herself to despair. She had always loved my father with all her heart, and this blow was worse than death to her. She sought consolation in drink, and was never sober when she could get liquor. By degrees, she parted with everything to buy it—with trinkets, furniture, and clothes—till our room was bare, and we had only a few rags, which would not bring a cent, or else they, too, would have been sold. I suffered more than words can tell. How many nights I lay awake shivering, starving, and crying bitterly! Sometimes I used to pray, and ask God to take me out of the world.

"At times my mother-in-law used to look at me so strangely, and mutter what I could not understand. I thought she was going mad, and so she was, no doubt. One day she brought a large dashing woman, very showily dressed, into our room, who examined me closely, as you would an article of sale, and said:

"'She might have done well enough, but you have waited too long. She won't pay; she's nothing but skin and bone.'

"'I can't help that,' replied my mother-in-law, hoarsely, 'I am no more myself.'

"'Well, I don't mind doing a kindness, even where it does cost too much,' said the woman. 'I will give you what you ask, for you seem to need it bad enough. What's her name?'

"'Lucy.'

"'Come here, Lucy. Would you like to have everything nice to eat and drink, plenty of beautiful clothes, and nothing to do?'

"'I told her I was very hungry, but did not mind work.' She put money into my mother-in-law's hand, and told me to get ready and go with her. My arrangements were simple, and quickly made. I went up to my mother-in-law to kiss her good-by, but she repulsed me with a shudder.

"'No!' she said wildly. 'I am bad enough, but no Judas—no, no!'

"I burst into tears, and asked what I had done to offend her, but the strange woman seized me by the hand, and observed, coldly:

"'You have done nothing, child, but she's a little crusty, you know. Never mind; come with me, and you shall have kisses enough and to spare.'

"As my captor was leading me away, my mother-in-law sprang after me, for what purpose I could not then think, though I doubt not, now, it was to rescue me, but the other pushed her back, assured me she was crazy (she really looked so), and dragged me off in triumph. As we were going out of the passage, a woman stared at us, and exclaimed:

"'So the old woman has sold you to the devil for drink at last? I thought it was coming to that!'

"My captor cursed the speaker, who cursed her in turn, and called her names that frightened me. I wondered whether my mother-in-law had really sold me to the prince of darkness, for I had heard of such things, and believed them possible. I began to cry more bitterly than ever, and the flames and horrors of the deep rose up before me, and filled my mind with unspeakable terror. I forgot my want and starvation in the agony of fear, and hung back, and struggled to release myself, but my purchaser was as strong as I was weak, and dragged me on in spite of my resistance.

"'Where is thee taking that child?' asked an old lady. 'Is she thy daughter?'

"'Mind your own business, old square hood,' said my captor, but I cried, in despair,—

"'I aint her daughter, ma'am, but mother sold me to her for money to buy drink with.'

"'What does thee intend to do with the child?' demanded the lady.

"'Go to —!' said the other, trying to push by her.

"'I am afraid that is where thee is taking this little one, and I withstand thee in the name of the Lord.'

"This dispute quickly attracted the notice of the bystanders, and people passing, who clustered around us in a moment, to enjoy the contest. Something told me that I had arrived at the turning-point of my life, and that I should then be saved or lost forever. The woman, who had me in her grasp, told a plausible story, and would certainly have triumphed over the old lady who withstood her, had I not opposed her line with a piteous earnestness of tone it was impossible to doubt. My tears and prayers for deliverance excited the wrath of the crowd against my captor, till they began to threaten her with violence.

"'Lynch her!' shouted several voices.

"'Hang her to the lamppost!' bellowed others.

"'Flee from the wrath to come!' said the old lady to the gayly dressed creature, who now turned as pale as her rouge would allow, and let me go. She acted upon the advice offered, and was saluted with hisses and groans as she hurried away in a flutter of fear and anger.

"My rescuer, who was no other than your aunt, took charge of me, and, after giving me such a meal as I had not had for years, and clothing me decently, went with me to find my mother-in-law. She knocked at her door without getting any answer. At last I ventured in, and beheld the object of our search lying on the floor. There was a bottle near her; the room smelt strong of liquor, and she seemed fast asleep. I tried to rouse her in vain, and your aunt put on her spectacles, knelt by her side, and after gazing at her a while, said solemnly:

"'She is dead. We have come too late, and she has drank herself to death. Poor thing! God be merciful to her soul, and to us all!'

"Since that hour your aunt has treated me as if I were her daughter, and I have loved her as though she were my own mother."

Lucy fell asleep at the conclusion of her story, and I sank into slumber soon after.

The Neighborhood.

I was awakened several times during the night by screams and cries that made me shudder, and in the morning by a Babel of sounds, of which I can give no adequate description. They proceeded from the street, and were deafening and distracting, like Vanity Fair in full blast. I sprang from the bed, rushed to the window, and drew up the curtain to ascertain whether or not the world was ending, or chaos returning. I perceived at once that nothing of the kind was taking place, but that all this clamor was only a proof that the world was exceedingly well cared for. Within the length of the block, two vendors of fruit and vegetables, with a cart, and a vociferous boy each, were not only rivaling one another in selling, but in loud and louder bawling for custom. This quartette (the men had both dreadful colds, and the boys steam whistle-pipes of their own) would have sufficed to make the street sufficiently resonant, but it was wonderfully sustained. There was a man who sold straw, bellowing like a bull of Bashan; milkmen whooping like wild Indians; a rag-and-bottle, and an old clothes buyer; an umbrella vender; a dealer in tins; a scissors-grinder; and a "glass-putty" man, with their respective cries, or bells, great and small, besides charcoal and various other vendors, some of whom shouted with a bass as terrible as that of Carl Formes; and others, with a tone as shrill and tremulous as a cracked soprano. A seller of crockery clattered two plates together, by way of cymbals; and a fishmonger, whose trumpet I had mistook for Gabriel's, blew a blast so harsh, that it seemed to have come through a hundred sore throats. There was an organ-grinder busy on the corner, and a German brass-band serenading the lager-bier saloon opposite. Everybody was trying to outdo everybody else, and the aggregate result was outrageous and tremendous. The anvil-chorus was beat into a whisper, a stage alarm into a watch-tick, in comparison. A big fire, with all the New York fire-engines in full play, ram's horns in full blast, and wondered why the street did not reel, and the walls tumble into it.

I know the reader expects me to apologise for exaggeration. I shall do nothing of the sort. If he were an Oriental, he would know better than to ask me to do it. The tranquil "West-enders" know no more of certain localities in this metropolis than they do of the heart of Pekin. Let such visit —— street, between —— and —— streets (I give the names in full; if the editor is afraid of libel, and doesn't, don't blame me), in the Spring, rather early, on a fine forenoon, and he will confess that my picture, instead of being overcharged, is mildly drawn.

When I went down stairs, I found that the breakfast had been kept waiting for me. My aunt said she did not wonder at my lateness, for it was a quiet old neighborhood, and induced sleep, but how people could find rest in business-streets, was more than she could understand. Lucy's eye smiled on me with humorous good nature, and I suppressed the mischievous reply that was rising to my lips, for Lucy's story had greatly enhanced my love and respect for the old lady. I could have hugged her for her kindness to that beautiful orphan, but being bred a Quaker, though by no means a professed or rigid one, she would, I knew, have been more alarmed than gratified by such a demonstration, and consequently I subdued the impulse.

After being sufficiently disgusted with the street-clamor, I retired to the back parlor, threw myself upon the sofa, and courted sleep. In the rear of the house, I heard the crying of babies innumerable; but this noise, I fondly imagined, would soon be stilled, and I enjoy a quiet nap, which would compensate for the sleep I had been deprived of during the night. Vain hope! Little was I acquainted with the resources of the neighborhood. The infantine wailing continued. Sometimes it subsided for a moment in a dying strain, inexpressibly plaintive and touching, but only to receive an accession of fresh voices, which would swell its volume to a howl worthy of the lost. Still shriller and more piercing it grew, till the imagination beheld a troop of savage Indians turned among the innocents to work upon them their cruel and murderous purposes. Wilder howling and yelling still! Surely the barbarians are hacking their victims to pieces, roasting them alive, tearing them limb from limb, and subjecting them to tortures too hideous to think of. It can all be heard distinctly in the heart-rending outcry. One cry rises suddenly and far above the rest—keen, agonizing, and exceedingly pitiful. The Sioux have got that baby, or ought to have, for what but their ingenious mercilessness could evoke such intolerable and unutterable woe?

I rush to the window and gaze forth. Not an Indian nor Sepoy is in sight, but behold a dismal array of dirty yards, rotting sheds, and rears of houses ten times more unsightly than their fronts! Linen are stretched from tenement to tenement, upon which is suspended linen, and much else fresh from the wash-tub, the only things clean, except the sky in sight. The dirty yards are filled with dirty women, and dirtier children. In one adjoining aunt's are a mother and six juveniles; including an infant, squalling and squalling in the arms of the eldest of the half dozen. The young ones play in the dirt, quarrel and fight with each other, unheeded by their maternal parent, who is engaged at the washtub, till their wails and outcries arrive at an intolerable pitch, when she dives into the midst of them, deals her favors about indiscriminately, a few telling blows invariably hitting the most innocent, when the chorus is exalted to the utmost power of lungs. As this chorus is commonly assisted by one in every other yard in hearing in the way of noise and discomfort, nothing is left to be desired; and when, as is mostly the case with the vocal infantine anguish and grampi bye-and-cry, are "mixed up," and sung simultaneously, each popular air, as "Annie Lowrie," "Gentle Annie," and "While We Have Mingled Tear," at the top of voices exalted all the way up, the introduction of bedlam itself could not have heightened the effect.

Nothing seemed to be the steady employment of the men, and baby-spanking their diversion. They were every one's clothes but their own—everything deserve themselves and children. The application of a little soap and water to the countenances of their offspring would have wrought miracles, but then, perhaps it would have prevented the mothers recognising their own children, and thus create sad confusion.

I must be worse than an infidel who would deny even the sacred prerogative of "spanking" her own baby, but this does not include the right to extend endearers to the offspring of others. In the yard to the left of us, Mrs. O'Flaherty has usurped the privileges Nature has bestowed exclusively on Mrs. O'Brien.

"Mrs. O'Flaherty," said the latter, in a lofty tone, "if your love, if ye'd have my childer alone and kape yer own distint, ye would be afther acting more like a lady than you do at present."

"By yer love, Mrs. O'Brien, as it's all the same to you," responded the other, in the same key, "what right had your Barney to hit my Pat over the ecsoe?"

Here the youthful and ardent Barney broke in—

"What right had Pat to say I was christen'd Barney Mahun 'cause my father was cracked?"

"What right had you," retorted Pat, "to say I was christen'd Patrick Washington 'cause my mither is a washerwoman?"

"Patrick Washington O'Flaherty and Barney Madison O'Brien! Ha, ha ha!" laughed Mrs. O'Donnelly. "Such grand names for the likes of yes. 'Tis a judgment on yer vanity that ye quarrel like cats and dogs about 'em." The O'Brien and the O'Flaherty at once joined upon the moralist.

"Didn't the O'Briens"——

"And the O'Flahertys too"——

"Go straight from the Garden of Aden into Ireland, which was then Paradise itself, and reign kings over the whole country before the O'Donnells had come into this blessed world at all at all to disgrace it, bad luck to them?"

"Kings of Ireland, indade!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donnelly in disgust. "I suppose ye will be afther telling me next that yer relations are kings of Blackwell's Island, where they are sint to be supported at public expinse?"

At this insulting insinuation, words being inadequate to express the indignation of the O'Brien and the O'Flaherty, they resorted to blows. Mrs. O'Donnelly stood like Austria pitted against France and Sardinia, one to two, but she was the largest, and the contest seemed doubtful. Had not the public been so lately surfeited with the battles of Magenta, Solferino, etc., I would indulge its appetite for sanguinary description,—for honor, name, glory, inflamed the participants in this struggle, as they have done in many other fierce contests.

"Though few their numbers, theirs the strife
That neither sparos nor spooks for life."

But I spare the reader the thrilling details, and drop the curtain on this tableau of horror, concluding thus effectively my Pandemoniac "City Sketch."

THIRTY-FIVE.

BY MRS. D. A. CURTIS.

Its lights, its shades, its smiles and tears,
Upon life's canvas cast.

I gaze adown the slope of years
To childhood's sunny day,
When earth was all a pleasure-ground,
And life a pleasant play.

Youth came at last, and fuller joy—
Life's gladsome, rosy June;
And now manner years are gained,
Above me shines life's noon!

Just Thirty-five! I'm half way home—
"Three score and ten" the span
Which holds intact the circling years—
The allotted life of man!

Just Thirty-five! and yet no pause,
No halt, no break, no rest;
Life's morning sun which rose so slow,
Goes plunging down the West!

And soon life's sunset will be here,
All glorious with its light;
For, lit by Calvary and the Cross,
Thank God, there is no night!

Madison, May 28, 1859.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

[From the Memoirs of Robert Houdin, Ambassador, Author, and Conjurer.]

"In 1796, a revolt broke out in a half-Russian, half-Polish regiment stationed at Riga, at the head of the rebels being an officer of the name of Worousky, a man of great talent and energy. He was of short stature, but well built; and he exercised such influence, that the troops sent to suppress the revolt were beaten back with considerable loss. However, reinforcements came from St. Petersburg, and the insurgents were defeated in a pitched battle. A great number perished, and the rest took to flight across the marshes, where the soldiers pursued them, with orders to grant no quarter.

"In this rout Worousky had both thighs shattered by a cannon-ball, and fell on the battlefield; however, he escaped from the general massacre by throwing himself into a ditch behind a hedge. At nightfall, Worousky dragged himself along with great difficulty to the adjacent house of a physician of the name of Osloff, whose benevolence was well known, and the doctor, moved by his sufferings, attended upon, and promised to conceal him. His wound was serious, but the doctor felt confident of curing him, until gangrene set in, and his life could only be saved at the cost of half his body. The amputation was successful, and Worousky saved.

"During this time, M. de Kempelen, a celebrated Viennese mechanician, came to Russia to pay a visit to M. Osloff, with whom he had been long acquainted. He was travelling about to learn foreign languages, the study of which he afterwards displayed in his splendid work on the "Mechanism of Words," published at Vienna in 1791. M. de Kempelen stopped a short time in every country the language of which he desired to learn, and his aptitude was so great that he acquired it very speedily.

"This visit was the more agreeable to the doctor, as for some time he had been alarmed as to the consequences of the noble action he had performed; he feared being compromised if it were found out, and his embarrassment was extreme, for, living alone with an old housekeeper, he had no one to consult or to help him. Hence, he told M. de Kempelen his secret, and begged his aid. Though at first startled by sharing such a secret—for he knew that a reward was offered for the insurgent chief, and that the act of humanity he was about to help in might send him to Siberia—still, M. de Kempelen, on seeing Worousky's mutilated body, felt moved with compassion, and began contriving some plan to secure his escape.

"Dr. Osloff was a passionate lover of chess, and had played numerous games with his patient during his tedious convalescence; but Worousky was so strong at the game that the doctor was always defeated. Then Kempelen joined the doctor in trying to defeat the skilful player, but it was of no use; Worousky was always the conqueror. His superiority gave M. de Kempelen the idea of the famous Automaton Chess-player. In an instant his plan was formed, and he set to work immediately. The most remarkable circumstance is, that this wonderful chef d'œuvre, which astonished the whole world, was invented and finished within three months.

"M. de Kempelen was anxious his host should make the first essay of his automaton; so, he invited him to play a game on the 10th of October, 1796. The automaton represented a Turk of the natural size, wearing the national costume, and seated behind a box of the shape of a chest of drawers. In the middle of the top of the box was a chessboard.

"Prior to commencing the game, the artist opened several doors in the chest, and M. Osloff could see inside a large number of wheels, pulleys, cylinders, springs, etc., occupying the larger part. At the same time, he opened a long drawer, from which he produced the cheesmen and a cushion, on which the Turk was to rest his arm. This examination ended, the robe of the automaton was raised, and the interior of the body could also be inspected.

"The doors being then closed, M. de Kempelen wound up one of the wheels with a key he inserted in a hole in the chest; after which the Turk, with a gentle nod of salutation, placed his hand on one of the pieces, raised it, deposited it on another square, and laid his arm on the cushion before him. The inventor had stated that, as the automaton could not speak, it would signify check to the king by three nods, and to the queen by two.

"The doctor moved in his turn, and waited patiently till his adversary, whose movements had all the dignity of the Sultan he represented, had moved. The game, though slow at first, soon grew animated, and the doctor found he had to deal with a tremendous opponent; for, in spite of all his efforts to defeat the figure, his game was growing quite desperate. It is true, though, that for some minutes past, the doctor's attention had appeared to be distracted, and cool idea seemed to occupy him. But while hesitating whether he should impart his thoughts to his friend, the figure gave three nods. The game was over.

"'By jove!' the loser said, with a tinge of vexation, which the sight of the inventor's smiling face soon dispelled, 'if I were not certain Worousky is at this moment in bed, I should believe I had been playing with him. His head alone is capable of inventing such a checkmate. And besides,' the doctor said, looking fixedly at M. de Kempelen, 'can you tell me why your automaton plays with the left hand, just like Worousky?'

"The mechanician began laughing, and not wishing to prolong this mystification, the prelude to so many others, he confessed to his friend that he had really been playing with Worousky.

"'But where the deuce have you put him, then?' the doctor said, looking round to try and discover his opponent.

"The inventor laughed heartily.

"'Well! do you not recognise me?' the Turk exclaimed, holding out his left hand to the doctor in reconciliation, while Kempelen raised the robe, and displayed the poor cripple stowed away in the body of the automaton.

"M. Osloff could no longer keep his countenance, and he joined the others in their laughter. But he was the first to stop, for he wanted an explanation.

"'But how do you manage to render Worousky invisible?'

"M. de Kempelen then [illegible] ed the living automaton before it entered the Turk's body.

"'See here!' he said, opening the chest, 'these wheels, pulleys, and cranks occupying a portion of the chest, are only a deception. The frames that support them are hung on hinges, and can be turned back to leave space for the player while you are examining the body of the automaton.

"'When this inspection was ended, and as soon as the robe was allowed to fall, Worousky entered the Turk's body we have just examined, and, while I was showing you the box and the machinery, he was taking his time to pass his arms and hands into those of the figure. You can understand that, owing to the size of neck, which is hidden by the broad and enormous collar, he can easily pass his head into this mask, and see the chess board. I must add, that when I pretend to wind up the machine, it is only to drown the sound of Worousky's movements.'"

DISREPUTABLE JOURNALISTIC PRACTICES.

A practice exists in the Press of New York, and is on the increase, which is productive in its way of not a little harm. It consists in a certain sort of jocose misrepresentation, and as it is most in vogue with journals of undeniable claims to respectability, it is all the more calculated to mislead. For instance, a lady makes her appearance at Washington or Newport who courts publicity, who delights to surround herself with men of notoriety, pleasant or unpleasant, and whose conduct is, to say the least, so very eccentric, that persons, and especially ladies, who are at all careful in their associations do not desire even to be seen in her company. But she attracts attention and is, likely enough, the wife of an individual who has filled some space in the public eye, and who has more or less influence of one kind or another. She must, of course, be noticed in the "Personal" column: that suits the editor and it suits her. Her conduct can't be praised; but as to condemning it, that is not to be thought of. The consequences forbid it. So a paragraph appears in which she is subjected to laudation which is so plainly ironical *to those who are in the secret*, that it affords them but a moment's amusement at her expense; but the writers and publishers of such paragraphs seem never to reflect that those who are not in the secret take these praises at their full value; for of course they are not so extravagant that the self-love of the subject is not equal to swallowing them. And thus a woman whose conduct is by no means creditable to the community of which she forms a part, goes about the country, and perhaps to other countries, with the strongest public indorsement (which she will be sure to show) of her pretensions to social distinction.

Or a man goes to Europe for his amusement or his profit, and has the bad taste to desire such a public notice of his departure as will secure him some little notoriety on his passage and arrival out, and give some slight support to his endeavors to push himself in English or French society. He has also the impudence to enable him to get by hint, or by direct request, the typographical inflation which puffs him from a person into a personage; and consequently he, in a measure at least, succeeds in his "snobbish" plans. He returns, and by the same sort of contrivance the personal columns of the newspapers record his social triumphs, and with the same irony—appreciated by those who are initiated, but utterly lost upon others; and thus a man whose only real support of his pretensions is his brazen face, becomes, except for the few who know him personally, "one of our distinguished men," whose ranks, multitudinous as they are, need no such recruiting. We do not wonder that journals out of New York have been deceived by this habit, and that others that have escaped the snare are denouncing it. Still less are we surprised, that abroad some shallow adventurers have been buoyed up into a temporary importance to which they had no right, and in which they did their countrymen no credit.

Again, there are cases like that which is the occasion of this article, and in which the name of a clergyman of high respectability was used in such a manner that he was compelled to come immediately before the public and disown the sentiments that had been attributed to him, and disclaim the position in which, without the slightest consultation of his wishes, he had been placed before the public. It seems that Dr. Bellows, the eminent Unitarian divine, in the sermon which he delivered before the Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, used language which one of our City journals thought it proper to represent as the announcement of a plan to "found a new Catholic Church, differing from the church which acknowledged Archbishop Hughes as its metropolitan head by the omission of what may be deemed certain obsolete, erroneous, or needless doctrines, but preserving the attractive features, the ritual, the imaginative symbols, the sacred festivals which help to give the Roman Catholic Church its popular and universal character." As yet Dr. Bellows has had nothing to say with regard to the views thus attributed to him. But not content with placing him in this light before the public, the paragraphist must go out of the record, and announce that the Rector of All Souls had the support of the Rev. Dr. Osgood and the Rev. Mr. Frothingham in his project. Of these the latter instantly denies the assertion made with regard to him, and in such a manner as must materially diminish the confidence of reflecting readers in the future statements of the offending journal. Not that it appears that there was any malice in the case, or even deliberate misrepresentation: but simply a wantonness of style and an indifference to other considerations than that of making a paragraph that would attract attention and be widely read. Mr. Frothingham, indeed, supposes in his letter, that the paragraph by which he is forced to defend himself was written in a "spirit of satire," and that "a serious contradiction of its statements and inferences will only provoke a smile." This may not be the case; but it is far from improbable, that what might have been professional injury, if not death, to him, was meant as a sort of fun by its authors. But whatever may be the spirit in which paragraphs like this, or those to which we previously referred, are written, it need hardly be said that they are altogether indefensible, and that they do much to lower the tone of the Press, and to injure the estimation in which it, and the public which it is presumed to represent, is held abroad. Personal matters are delicate subjects to deal with in newspaper writing; and cannot be handled safely except by persons of more judgment and firmness than those to whom they seem to be generally committed. Above all, Messrs. Editors, never say, needlessly, the thing that is not; and when you are ironical, let your irony be sufficiently plain not to be mistaken for honest praise.—*N. Y. Albion.*

A Sharp Criticism on Tennyson's New Poem.

[From the *London Illustrated News.*]

Tennyson has not much to say, except to green girls [illegible] and the panaroo of the auditorium, be broad and the [illegible] of literature, for whom wholesome Shakespeare and Milton have no zest. He gave promise of better things. His collected poems published in 1842 awakened the hope that a great poet had arisen amongst us. If he had published no more than these two volumes his fame would have lived, like that of Burns, Shelley, and Keats, not so much for what he had done, as for the rich promise of that he seemed likely to do in the fuller maturity of his powers. But since that time his every step has been downward. His "In Memoriam" was all but equal to his earlier poems. "The Princess" was weak and puerile, not even up to the standard of the circulating library. His "Maud" was still flatter and more unprofitable. And now we have his "Idylls of the King," which a coterie of critics will puff, which fashionable people will buy and affect to admire, and which will never reach, except in the echoes of newspapers, the great heart and understanding of the men of England. The men of England, in fact, are averse from poetry, because poetry—or rather verse which masquerades in the disguise of poetry—is no longer written for men, or even for women, but for girls and raw boys. The poetry of our fathers and forefathers was wine of the right vintage; that of the present age, with some few exceptions, is sugar and water, without pith or spirit.

The "Idylls of the King" are four episodes in the epical history of King Arthur, and are severally named "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere." They have all the well-known characteristics of the author—his delicate modulation and melody of language; his skilful mastery of our noble English tongue his admirable revival of old words, which he uses in such a manner as to make us forget that they have ever become obsolete, and to make us determine that they shall never again become so. His manner is exquisite, but his matter is, for the most part, not exactly childish, but girlish, and bearing as little relation to true poetry of the high order, as Verdi's operas to the music of the spheres. The first story, entitled "Enid," reads like one of the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, only it is neither so original nor so natural. The lady Enid, whose faded silk dress, and whose right to appear in a more befitting costume, are the main agonies of the poem, is wedded to a lord who becomes jealous of her from overhearing the fag end of a sentence which she uttered when he was half asleep and ought not to have listened to her. In consequence, he subjects her to a series of silly indignities, which, if they did not create amusement in the reader, might excite indignation against so stupid a husband, but which Mr. Tennyson details with the most marvellous simplicity and good faith. The whole plot turns upon her "dress." He orders her out into the wilds, in her "meanest suit," with strict injunctions not to speak to her, he following on horseback:—

Through marshes, and by bandit-haunted holds,
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode:
Round was their pace at first, but slackened soon:
A stranger meeting them had surely thought,
They rode so slowly and they looked so pale,
That each had suffered some exceeding wrong.
For he was ever saying to himself,
"O that I had wasted time to tend upon her,
To compass her with sweet observances.
To dress her harnish fully and keep her true."

— The Rev. Charles T. Brooks has translated "The Jobsiad" into English, to be published next Autumn by Trubner & Co., of London, with illustrations by "Alfred Crowquill." A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* thus alludes to it: "In 1787 appeared in Germany a comic epic poem called 'The Jobsiad,' which has since attained a standard popularity. It is an ingenious satire upon the abuses of the learned profession and pedantry in general, and, though local in its details, is of universal application in its general spirit. It is written in a sort of Hudibrastic doggerel, and is acute, witty, ironical, and amusing—in fact, a work unique of its kind." Three pictures, illustrative of portions of this poem, may be found at the Dusseldorf Gallery, in Broadway.

* The automaton chess-player always used the left hand—a defect falsely attributed to the carelessness of the conjurer.

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OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamship OCEAN QUEEN, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, August 13, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. AVERY Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows has just come out with an extremely wordy discourse in favor of religious mysticism. The cold rationality of his sect (the Unitarian) has alarmed him, and he now wants a Church which shall be a kind of cross between the Catholic and the Episcopal. *That is, so far as he knows what he wants.* We have read his discourse attentively, and are of opinion that he, and words are full of sound, and utterly devoid of sense. Or if they have any sense (that is to say, any *meaning*), it is that men should become more blind and superstitious than they ever were before, and commit themselves at once, body and soul, into the hands of a monkish and irresponsible priesthood.

He calls for "the organic, instituted, ritualized, impersonal, steady, patient work of the Church—which, "taking infancy into its arms, shall baptize it, not as a "family custom, but a Church sacrament; which shall "speak to the growing children by imaginative symbols and holy festivals—and not merely by Sunday "school lessons and strawberry feasts; which shall "confirm them and take them into the more immediate bosom of the Church as they attain adult years "and are about to step beyond the threshold of domestic life; which shall make both marriage and burial "rites of the immediate altar, and give back to the "communion service the mystic sanctity which two "centuries has been successfully striving to dispel, "without gaining by this rationality anything except "the prospect of its extinction."

He calls for "a new Catholic Church—a Church in "which the needed, but painful experience of Protestantism, shall have taught us how to maintain a *dignified, symbolic, and mystic church-organization, without the* "*aid of the State, or the authority of the Pope.*"

Now, in our humble opinion, the "dignified, symbolic, and mystic church-organization," with its corps of priests, which Dr. Bellows proposes, would be but another of those solemnly constituted impostures of which the world has already too many.

What the world wants is not a new religion (CHRISTIANITY *will do very well for the present*), but a new sense of human rights.

People trouble themselves altogether too much about God, and consequently become altogether too neglectful of each other.

The great demand of the age is for more *Humanity*. The one subject which should engross our thoughts (as it did those of Christ) is the *Welfare of Mankind*.

"I may be wrong," said a brilliant New England writer (N. P. ROGERS) some years ago, "in supposing the welfare of mankind an object of paramount concern with me, to the glory of God. But I do suppose so. Even if knew as well what would glorify God, as I do what would benefit mankind, and could promote the one as effectually as the other. If any being but God preferred his own glory to the good of mankind, we shouldn't think well of him. If it was Bonaparte or Cæsar, we shouldn't speak well of him. We should speak ill. We should say, Tyrant—heartless, selfish Oppressor. A French soldier would worship, and cry '*Vive l' Empereur.*' And so would an old Roman legion, as it offered itself to destruction, to save the 'bald first Cæsar's' form from harm or dishonor. And our devotees would worship God, while they thought he cared more for the 'honor of his great name,' than for the good of mankind. And why do they do it? For much the same reason in all the three cases. It is more generous in the case of the poor infatuated soldiers—for their worship has a savoring of sympathy in it—their deities are human. The religious worshippers' is based in unmitigated dread of the fury of their divinity, and a most base desire to propitiate his favor. That is, so far as their worship is real. It has, in fact, scarcely any reality in it. It is nearly all imaginary. The reality about it, is the inclination they feel to kill everybody who won't join them in it. That is real. They carry that out. The rest is pretty much fancy and superstitution, I think.

"Mankind need love and help. God needs neither. We can love mankind and help them. And until we have loved and helped them as much as they need, and as much as we *can* help and love them, we ought not to to try to worship God, or to exercise emotions towards him. If we should, the emotions would be sure to be *bad* ones. We don't feel right towards mankind till we love them as much and as well as we can and as they need. And until we do this, we are not prepared to feel rightly towards any other being. We are not in loving mood or spirit. And our worship would not be agreeable to any being that was good. The spirit, as we call him, might like it, so far as we are concerned. But it wouldn't be so very flattering to us.

"In my opinion, before we have any duties to perform towards God, we have got to perform every one we have found out towards one another. And doing to perform these human duties, as we call them, will preclude all idea of duties to divinity, as duties to divinity preclude all idea of any to humanity, and are resorted to (as I think) as a subterfuge from the performance of any. *I believe that Piety is a sham and bad substitute for Humanity: and that the more pious any one becomes—the more religious—the more in love with the gods—the 'Dii immortales,' as the Romans used to call it—or 'Almighty God,' as the Roman Catholics have it—the less practical love he has for any human creature, and the more sublimated and hopeless is his selfishness.* I believe this to be the nature of the thing. I might say that Christianity teaches all I here say, but I won't say it—for it will seem like taking shelter in Scripture from the responsibility of naked, unauthorised opinion. I will say it on my own responsibility. My objection to this "Piety" is, not that it is unchristian (which it grossly is), but that it is unhuman. The world runs to Piety. It runs reluctantly at first—but eagerly at length. Piety, in some form or other. The orthodox Piety is based in hatred of mankind—which it calls love of God. It regards mankind as totally depraved and hateful. It has, itself, shuffled off its own total depravity under a partial, but *acceptable*, sanctification. It has got insurance against the fire of the wrath of its divinity. This is orthodox piety in its various, belligerent, and (if it had the power) crucifying divisions and sects. There is a heterodox piety, that ventures to hold that love to mankind is not totally incompatible with love of God. It has to repudiate the "total depravity" of mankind in order to make it lawful to love them. This is one reason of the repudiation. It wouldn't do to love creatures abhorred of God, and consigned by him to damnation. And it would hardly seem reasonable to love a god who had such purposes towards mankind—even if they were his enemies—and all to promote his own honor and glory. So heterodox piety modifies the character of God, and elevates that of man, and holds to loving both.

"Now, if this Piety will so love God that it can take an active, healthy part in behalf of man, if it will only worship, so that it can help us, suffering, wretched folks, here on the surface of the ground; and help us for *our* sakes, and not merely for God's sake, I will not quarrel with their piety. I will laud their humanity. And if their piety promotes it, I will laud *that*. And if it engenders it—if it is essential to it—I will make it paramount. If their love to God is the basis of love to mankind—If piety is the foundation of humanity—righteousness—goodness—then I go for love to God and Piety, first of all. But, really, I must have this goodness. I want the wrongs of humanity first righted. I think they can be—ought to be—must be. I think we ought to be happy here. Considerably happy—if not ecstatically so. Comfortably happy. And I want that made the paramount object. To be happy, we must be right. I would have it, that we must be RIGHT—rather than happy. That *I* must be right, and my neighbor be made happy. I, right, in order to have him happy. Not right that *I* might be happy, myself,—but that *he* might. That looks bigger and better to me than the other, or than any other. I, right, from sheer love (approval) of the Right—and to promote the happiness of my neighbor! That strikes me, *as well as you can get it.* And nothing short of that will do at all. Adopt that, and the world goes well. Anything short of that, and it will go *ill*. All creation can't make it otherwise. Disinterested goodwill will make the world what it wants to be made. Piety can't make it so. Piety makes it the contrary—makes it what it is. The World is full of Piety, and Hate, and Fight, and Misery. The Love that would make it happy is withheld from its needy, suffering inhabitants, and absorbed into devotion, which sends all its incense up into the cold sky, to God. Piety has built temples to its gods, all over the face of the earth, including that 'Son of Man, who had not where to lay his head.' Multitudes of mankind have no shelter now, but have to bide the peltings of the elements, while there are houses of God that cost enough to build a city. One mountain-looking cathedral, I myself beheld, in the godly city of York, old England, that cost $50,000,000. The habitations of men lay round about it like fragments of stone round the foot of a mountain, from which they had tumbled. It seemed to have absorbed and devoured the means of a city. Piety built it. Piety that loved the God of Old England, but hated the People of Old England. The walls of the mighty cathedral, accordingly, are covered all over on the outside, the side next to the people, with grotesque heads, making up mouths, in token of the contempt felt by Piety for the people in behalf of its God. That seems to be Piety, in its genuine upshot and catastrophe. Real humanity has cause to oppose orthodoxy—but not, as I think, by worship. It does not go to the mountains of Samaria to set up an opposition worship against the bloody old Temple at Jerusalem. But it says 'neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem.' Equivalent to saying, Nor anywhere. I say, nor anywhere, whether or no. For so it seems to me it should be.

"If any body loves God in addition to loving mankind *well enough*, I have no objection. If they can love God without hating mankind, I have none. If they do not hate mankind any the worse for what love of God they have, I have no objection to it. If they have a love of God resulting from a sufficient love of mankind, I have none. I like that. If love of mankind breeds it, and results in it, I want all to have it. It would do God no good. He doesn't need it. The want of it doesn't harm him. But I will not quarrel with it. I am inclined to think, that there can be no right love of God in any breast, that does not sufficiently love humanity. Nor any right opinions of, or notions about God. The best opinions in regard to God can only be entertained where there is due love to mankind.

"I am making a long article here. But I want to say that mankind wants the healing influences of Humanity. They must love one another more. The duty of this and the value of it, must be inculcated. It must come to be considered the duty of duties, and the remedy of remedies. Men have got to regard their neighbors' rights, as objects of *sacred character*. Objects of reverence. Objects of worship. Let the 'religious sentiment' in man find vent and employment in this way. Not on abstract goodness—but on Human Rights. And on the performance of human duties. Let us venerate Humanity in others. Let us hold it sacred. Let us lay out our utmost natures upon it. At least enough to secure it its rights. If God wouldn't prefer this sort of worship, in us, to any other, there is no God, or no good one, according to my idea of goodness."

NEW AMERICAN TRAGEDY AT WALLACK'S.

The most important fact in the dramatic world at this moment is that Mr. Bateman has in rehearsal at Wallack's Theatre, (which he has leased for a short term), a new American Tragedy said to be written by a lady, and pronounced by competent and impartial critics to be written with great power and to possess every element of success. Its production is looked forward to with great interest. The name is "Geraldine, or Love's Victory," and the principal part is confided to MATILDA HERON, (STORER), whose acceptance of it is at once a proof of her entire confidence in the play, and a guarantee that, so far as she is concerned, it will be brilliantly represented. When we state, in addition, that Mrs. Stoepel will be supported, among others, by Messrs. Walcott, Sothern, Couldock, and Davidge—and that Mr. Bateman is determined that the piece shall be brought out with every advantage of scenery and costume—the public, we think, may be assured that they have in store for them a rare dramatic treat. The attraction of a genuine American Tragedy ought of itself to be sufficient to draw a crowded house, and we cannot permit ourselves to doubt that such will be the fact.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The [illegible] of Light; [illegible] composed of [illegible]; [illegible] in [illegible] operation, the [illegible] relation to the "[illegible]ical" in the Scope Institute, [illegible] was well attended. The President, [illegible] the Secretary, Dr. Doll, occupied their [illegible] places. After the usual preliminary business was disposed of, the special committee appointed to examine more minutely the Helyposcope—a new instrument by which photography is brought to the aid of the navigator—through their Chairman, Mr. T. D. Stetson, made a favorable report. Dr. Vanderweyde concurred mainly with the report, but thought it important that the ship using this instrument should not change its course during the time of making the observation. A short debate on this point followed, in which it was admitted that the changing of course would increase slightly the difficulty of estimating the mean time of the sun's markings, but the report of the committee was unanimously adopted. The President then called upon Mr. Samuel D. Tillman, who read a paper

On Phosphorescence.

The luminous appearance, he remarked, which many substances exhibit at ordinary temperatures in the dark, could not be traced to a common origin. In some, phosphorescence is apparently spontaneous and from internal sources; in others, it results from external influences. Spontaneous light depends often on vitality, as in the various species of firefly, glowworm, and marine animals; and often on the decomposition of organized bodies, as in putrefied fish or the evanescausis of vegetable matter. In all these instances, light is probably the result of chemical action. The other class of substances, effected by external forces, seem to undergo no chemical change. In them, phosphorescence is the direct result of electricity, friction, heat, or of light itself. Those influenced *solely by the luminous rays*, producing phenomena which, for want of a better name, Mr. Tillman distinguished as photo-phosphorescence, are of more especial interest to the photographer.

Many years ago Dessaignes, Brewster, and others, presented a vast number of phenomena relating to phosphorescence, but no deductions were drawn tending to clearer views of the subject. In the meantime the phenomena of fluorescence has excited considerable attention. It is exhibited when the nitrate of uranium, or a solution of the sulphate of quinine, or æsculin, from horsechestnut bark, are exposed to diffuse daylight, and removed into the dark. A peculiar glow is seen, limited to the parts where the light first entered. Hydrogen gas and other feeble flames may be affected in a similar manner. We are indebted to the late investigations of Becquerel, as reported in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, 1859, for valuable acquisitions in relation to these subjects. In his series of experiments, Becquerel used mostly the sulphurets of baryta, strontia, and lime, which are among the most powerful phosphori. They were prepared and arranged in seven glass tubes so as to produce, when exposed to ordinary sunlight or the electric light, and then removed into the dark, the seven colors of the spectrum. The following is a summary of the results of

Becquerel's Experiments.

1. The phosphorescent rays were found to be less refrangible than those which produced them.

2. The same preparation raised to different temperatures gives out rays of different color, which reappeared in reverse order in its cooling.

3. Time was necessary in raising the preparation to the phosphorescent state, but the time could be shortened by the use of heat, which gives increased brilliancy to the phosphorescence.

4. Special relations of different phosphori to the different rays of the spectrum were exhibited.

5. At lines corresponding with the dark bands of the spectrum known as the lines of Fraunhofer, little effect was perceptible.

6. Some of the phosphori were highly fluorescent; and after the light had become invisible, if held in the luminiferous was again produced, but instantly disappeared on the interception of the dark rays.

7. The same preparation being both phosphorescent and fluorescent, Becquerel supposed that the luminous condition differed only in the time during which the state, excited by exposure to light, was continued. This inference he proved correct, by means of

The Phosphoroscope,

a new instrument invented by him. Mr. Tillman explained the construction of this instrument, by means of a drawing on the blackboard. Its main feature is the arrangement of a very small cylinder, partly within a tight box, in which is placed an electric light; the remaining portion of the cylinder is visible to the spectators in a dark room. The spaces between the cylinder and box are filled with black velvet, so as to prevent the passage of any light from within. By means of pulleys, the cylinder is made to rotate about 300 times in a second; as one-twentieth part of a revolution could bring a line on the cylinder from the inside to the outside of the box, it is evident that an effect, lasting only one-sixteen-hundredth of a second, could be made visible. A solution of the substance to be examined is placed on this cylinder. With such an instrument, and with phosphori, sent to him by Becquerel, Dr. Faraday has lately exhibited before the Royal Institution of London the phenomena of Phosphorescence. As fluorescent light was found to occupy the time of one revolution, at a high velocity, it was easily made to exhibit the continuous light characteristic of phosphorescence.

Undulatory Theory.

Mr. Tillman, in conclusion, offered a brief explanation of these phenomena, in harmony with the, undulatory theory of light. Phosphorescence must also, in accordance with this theory, be the effect of undulations. Time being an essential element, this phenomena cannot be connected with reflection or refraction. It must be regarded as a secondary or inductive movement resulting from the vibratory motion of the atoms composing the phosphori communicated to them by the original rays. Do not elastic bodies always thus act? The pulsations of air producing sound will cause a sympathetic vibration of certain strings and reeds; these will continue to vibrate after the original sound has ceased. Let a series of strings or reeds properly attuned be arranged longitudinally around a cylinder, which is made to revolve in the partition dividing two rooms: sounds made in one room will be plainly heard in the other by means of the rotating cylinder. Often new vibrations and tones may be produced, always, however, having harmonic relation to the tonic. These correspond with the chromatic effects of phosphorescence. The phosphori hold the same relation to the original oeth-waves which the strings or reeds have to the air-waves. The secondary propagations are also analogous. If this view is correct, photophosphorescence must be regarded as the effect of undulations of an imponderable fluid, reproduced through the vibratory action of ponderable matter.

Dr. Draper's Experiments.

The paper of Mr. Tillman was the topic of a brief discussion, in which Messrs. Seely, Dr. Vanderweyde, and Dr. Reuben, joined. Pres. Draper, upon request, gave a condensed account of some of his experiments in relation to phosphorescence, made long since, promising a complete report at a future meeting. One of the most interesting phosphori he found to be powdered oyster-shells. Upon a white preparation of this kind he placed a key and exposed it to sunlight. The preparation on the removal of the key exhibited brilliant phosphorescence in the dark, except on the part covered by the key, then gradually faded away. A ring was then placed upon it, and a similar exposure made with a similar result; so with several other small articles; in all this there was nothing to excite surprise, but upon applying heat to the preparation the *image of every object* which had been placed upon it *appeared in succession!* These effects may be produced by sunlight and the electric light, but by no other artificial light. Common glass is impervious to phosphor[illegible] says, but white quartz is completely [illegible] to them. The [illegible] was found most photo[illegible] than [illegible]

Proposed Photograph.

Mr. T. D. Stetson presented the following game interesting specimen of photography, attached to circumstance. This modest advertisement had many advantages, and would soon prove a source of profit to the photographer.

The Rogue's Gallery.

Mr. Seely spoke of the important uses of Photography in the Police Department of the City Government. In the Rogue's Gallery at the Broome street station-house could be seen 450 daguerreotypes of noted thieves, burglars, pickpockets, shop-lifters, confidence-men, etc., all arranged according to their "professions." A majority of them, as might be expected, were forgers. These individuals never seem as anxious as ordinary persons to have perfect portraits. This department is daily growing in importance as a means of detecting old offenders.

Counterfeits.

Mr. Stetson explained the plan of preventing counterfeiting with photography, by means of silk threads inserted in the stock of the paper. Dr. Vanderweyde said there was greater danger from lithographic counterfeits; to prevent this, he had long since advised the use of two different colors on the paper, made from one metallic base—chromium, for instance—so that one cannot be erased without erasing both. Mr. Seelye said photographic counterfeits could be prevented by mixing a metallic preparation with the pulp of which the bank paper is made.

View of an Eclipse.

Mr. Rockwood presented to the meeting a fine photograph of the sun, taken during its late partial eclipse. Mr. Henry Fritz said the large telescope of Mr. Rutherford could not be used, as the sun was too low down and the surrounding buildings too high; a smaller one was mounted near by, having an aperture of 1 inch, focal length of about 5 feet, and object-glass of about 1¼ inches in diameter. Mr. Fritz stated that in diminishing the aperture the distinctness of the image is not increased, as is the case with the photographic camera.

Vignettes.

Mr. Cady, practical photographer, exhibited some beautiful vignettes, made by interposing ground glass between the sun-light and screen.

Wilson's Electric Gas-Lighter.

The Society now adjourned to allow its members to witness Wilson's method of instantaneous gas-lighting. The President and members having arrived through a dark passage at the stage of the great Hall of the Union, on giving the signal for light, the illumination of the immense room, by 168 burners, was instantaneous and complete! The effect was as startling as the firing of a field-piece. Wilson uses the electric spark, instead of heated platinum, as in the Gardner plan: every burner is insulated, and a wire, too fine to be visible in the night, connects the whole. The battery consists of only four Smee plates; the secondary current used is generated by means of an immense Rhumkoff coil, containing ten miles of fine wire, and made by Davis, of Boston, upon an improved plan. The time saved in lighting the great Hall is now about fifteen minutes, but the gas saved is a more important item; it will soon pay for the apparatus. The luminous display seemed to give general satisfaction, and was a fitting *finale* to a very entertaining conference.

THE BROAD CHURCH.

It will be seen by the article which we copy this week from the last number of the *Westminster Review*, that the term "Broad Church" originated in England, where they have, in addition, a High Church, a Low Church, a Free Church, a Hard Church, etc., etc.,—each of them striving hard for the mastery, and laboring diligently to "*keep the people from straying into the paths of righteousness.*" If the crazy theologians who get up the various Churches would only speak in their Christ (who would have told them all to get behind him), we might have more patience with them. As it is, we look upon them as a set of designing men, seeking to becloud the simple teachings of the Saviour, in order that a solemn and monkish priesthood may be found necessary for their interpretation.

VOS EXCUSES.

Me vos non Nobis.

[Inscribed to the author of "New Adieux" in the last number of the SATURDAY PRESS.]

I.

If so, then fare thee well; I never sought,
To weave for thee alone, a magic spell.
It was not in my toils that you were caught,
Nor I in yours—so, therefore, fare thee well.

II.

It is the huntsman always makes the chase,
And as he wishes, it will always be
Noble and glorious, or mean and base:
If you have failed, lay not the blame on me.

III.

Let those set out, who find their pleasure there,
To hunt the timid hare, or cunning 'coon;
They'll have their pleasure, even though you sneer.
And fairly distanced, leave the chase too soon.

IV.

Who in a heart would first and single be
Must fill it, as a goblet, to the brim
With love, and surely you can't fail to see,
The love that fills it, must be love for him.

V.

Yet, though farewell, it cannot be, but I
Shall miss you, more, perhaps, than you will me—
We cannot lose one star from out the sky—
Each wave is useful in the boundless sea.

FLORIL.

In a Fine Phrensy Rolling.

A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling:

"I think, Miss, that you would have made a capital baker."

"Indeed, sir, why?"

"Because you make such excellent rolls."

— Here is another joke in the same line:

"Hollos! who's there?" exclaimed a young man as he entered the Bowling Saloon at Lake George.

"'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," replied a young lady, as she sent a ball whizzing down the alley.

Correction.

A correspondent informs us, on reliable authority, that Mr. Yeadon's "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of "America, Leadstar of Washington, Apostle of Char-"ity, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Man-"kind," has not been offered $10,000 by the *Ledger* to discontinue his Mt. Vernon papers.

Sublime.

Louis Napoleon entering Paris, surrounded with a body-guard, and exclaiming to his faithful followers: "Soldiers! Forty centuries are looking down upon you!"

Worse and Worse.

The present condition of the French empire may be briefly expressed thus: *L'empire d'enfer.*

Have we a Bon-bon Among us?

It is the opinion of Mallard that we have—several.

An Appropriate Name.

We beg to suggest that the famous line of steamers between Charleston, S. C., and Liverpool, of which we hear so much every year, should be spoken of hereafter as *The Canard Line.*

Louis Napoleon's Last Dodge.

A correspondent suggests that Louis Napoleon's last dodge is the Doge of Venice.

— Dr. T. L. Nichols will commence a course of public lectures on the "History, Doctrines, and Results of Catholicity and Protestantism," at Mozart Hall, No. 663 Broadway, opposite Bond street, on Sunday evening, August 14, at 8 o'clock, and continue every evening.

Aquatic Feuilleton.

"Pa[illegible]" [illegible]

THE CAPE, Wednesday.

Mon cher Publisher:

After my Saratoga experience, I had resolved to live only for Fame and your Printer, who loves me, as I rejoice to learn, with an affection passing that of Anna Maria.

But the indifference, not to say the absolute cruelty, of the Brightest and the Best,—for whatever may have happened or not happened, she is still B. B.,—preyed a good deal on my mind, and reduced me almost to a skeleton.

I thought of strychnine, but succumbed to my doctors, who said salt water.

So I went to Newport. First by the Shore Line, through New Haven, New London, East Greenwich, and to the Enchanted Isle, arriving just in time for a drive to the Tea-House, where my shattered breast was somewhat repaired by the cheering influences of tea, tobacco, and the society of the Fair.

Not so fair as A. M., but still, I may say nice, and would do if a man was cast away on some island at the South Pole.

Like Mr. Sumner, I think my health will soon be restored, so that I can renew my labors with the opening of the next Theatrical Session, but it is not quite certain.

If not, I don't envy A. M. her feelings.

She is flying about as if she had nothing "onto her mind." Flirting with extraordinary youths—delegates from Guilford Court House, Old Tar River, Attakapas, and other barbarous districts—men with coats of the last century (not McElrath's), and cravats of the size and texture of a bath-towel.

However, if she likes it, I don't so much mind. I intend to send her fifty copies of your "ADIEUX," printed last week. I think that is a good way to do it.

But let's to gayer measures.

Would you like to know something about Newport? Odd town. Queer people. Pretty good place though, at the top of the season, which is just about now.

They are doing all sorts of things,—hopping and driving, eating, drinking, flirting, playing on the piano and the faro-table, and getting through the time somehow.

Fuller and Burkhardt are here.

So is Page, the illustrious.

After that, it is quite unnecessary to say that we are fashionable up to an absolutely distracting point.

Not all of us are within the charmed circle over which these three graces (F., B., and P.) rule with such despotic sway.

There is the desolate Father of a Family, who has been brought down here by the neck, and "don't see it." The Old Lady thought it would be a good thing for the girls, and in one way or another, it is.

The Old Gentleman would prefer to be in the "store," blowing up the clerks, or eating his chop at Clark & Brown's—sweeter far than all the delicacies of the Ocean House table d'hôte, where I may say I got the other day as bad a dinner, considering the pretension of the house, as I ever ate anywhere, and my experience in the dinner-way is extensive for "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown" (that's from Gray; I didn't know it till lately, and so I quote it continually).

However, the Ocean House is full, so full that they make up cots in the Concert-Hall, where they take in miserable bachelors, who are consigned to the tender mercies of a Celt who thinks towels superfluities, and soap an invention gotten up by bloated aristocrats, to make trouble for servants.

The other morning, when Her Solfeggio Majesty, Queen Frezzolini, wished to try a cadenza or two in this barrack, where she was to give a Concert, a gentleman from Pike county, California (who lives on brandy cocktails and cayenne pepper, and who had taken Cot 19 at four in the morning), after a hard fight with the Tiger, was astounded by a rustle of crinoline (he had already thrown a Derringer and two boots at "her suite." Pike county wouldn't get up. Pike resisted attractions before which, in ancient times, the Marshals of the First Napoleon bowed, the Jockey Club trembled, and the Moutards went insane. Pike was insensible to beauty which, even in these later days, has fascinated the most brilliant of American journalists, the friend of Cranston, the historian of the New York Hotel, the man over all men that the Baron clasps to his heart of hearts.

No, Pike couldn't see it, and Frez. was obliged to forego her rehearsal.

It was Venus and Adonis over again.

We have a pretty strong invoice of Italians here just now. Garibaldi might make a good haul with a scoop-net on the piazza of the Ocean House. They all mustered in force for the Frezzolini Concert, on the 8th. It was a nice affair for a small party, but the piece was rather heavy. There was what they called an orchestra of about seven enterprising persons, who scraped through two overtures; a man named Strini, a one-horse basso, who informed the people that "we" (meaning "some parties unknown to the jury") "met by chance, the usual way" (curious contradiction, people generally meet by appointment), and sung, in a confidential manner, a romance from "Ernani." Then there was a good deal of Frezzolini; more than her voice will stand now. She sung the "Qui la voce" from Puritani, "Home, Sweet Home," with the Venzano valse finale, the Cavatina from Linda, "O luce di quest anima," and the "Ah! non guinge," from the Sonnambula. I am told by the Professor of the double bass (his opinion is not good for much after that fuss about the Figaro Brittanicus), that she was very fine in the Puritani Cavatina, which I didn't hear, but in the others she displayed only some facility of execution, and the relics of a fine voice.

Whiskers said she was "Ah—yes—well, what you call a fine old antique-sort of a wuin, you know" (he meant ruin).

There were lots of people at the concert—the noble army of martyrs who have free tickets, and therefore must go, being fully represented. The men went to sleep or talked to the women, and the women criticised each other's clothes. Athletes sent them home in the best of humor with one of his pleasant chansons comiques.

As for the question d'argent, the concert netted just forty-seven dollars, no cents.

That's all we have had, except Hops, where there were a few pretty and well-dressed women—a dispensation of divine providence, for which no one is more grateful than myself. But the majority are dowagers, who are continually abusing their sisters for talking scandal, and yet always doing it themselves. Now, scandal from the lips of a pretty woman isn't bad. There's generally no malevolence in it—only a wish to be amusing; but from retired colonels and captains on half pay, tanned by the smoke and dried in the fire of a hundred tea-fights, it is excessively disagreeable.

I forgot to tell you, up above, how I got here, last time. I came in a yacht, and I am, I may say, nautical. I had an irresistible inclination to get under way, instead of to go out; to bring myself to an anchor, instead of sitting down; to speak in the language of mariners to A. M., who don't see it; and generally I feel a saline thirst, which manifests itself in a terrific consumption of Bordeaux. Dr. Dixon, I know, says it don't quench thirst; but it allays mine wonderfully.

I think of doing a nautical drama, and believe that if I say a young woman whose husband had gone "to follow the sea," and was pursued by a scoundrel of a landlord, a villain of a gas-collector, or a curmudgeon of a water-renter, all of whom, struck with her beauty, would make insulting proposals, I'd give her order on you for the "demolition total," and never think about repayment.

Seriously, though, we look pretty well, I can tell you, lying in the pretty harbor, with our colors all set, all our crews in clean clothes, and twenty-five such fine vessels, with a hundred or more splendid fellows in immaculate sailor rig. It isn't often that the ladies get such a treat, I can tell you.

As for the subscriber, his health improves, and his appetite is fair to middling. He is a good deal browner than he was; somewhat bestled behind the ears, and your Saratoga correspondent could no longer complain of the whiteness of his hands. His broken heart is gradually uniting, and he believes he will be able to bear up with tolerable fortitude under the cruelty of A. M. and four meals per diem.

Bless you. Be happy. Adieu.

PERSONNE.

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM 'LONG-SHORE.

PORTLAND HEIGHTS, N. J.

MY DEAR PARK: I don't know as you remember that fine Saturday in June last when I made your sanctum brilliant with my presence, and exhibiting shawl and travelling-bag, announced my immediate departure from your finite corner of the world to this boundless space of land and water—*prèpt* New Jersey.

I don't know as you recollect how the SATURDAY PRESS and its friends went around the corner of Printing-House Square, to CROOK & DUFF'S, for a farewell libation to two of us—one going to face a Vermont University, with a poem in his pocket, and the other going to face a Jersey Universe, with nothing in his pocket.

If, however, your memory is so obliging as to have retained these eras in the world's history, perhaps it also clings to the fact that I threatened, on that occasion, to write you a letter—or several—which threat you received with the bland dignity becoming your position.

And this epistle is the offspring of that threat.

FITZ-DIAMOND O'LENS, Bart., once avowed, with a charming frankness, in my hearing, that he "didn't like Nature." In that particular, I must confess, I disagree very materially with him. I am very fond of Nature "in every style," as the oyster-shops sign say. I love birds, on the trees as well as on toast; and, as a general thing, greatly prefer the greens of a wooded landscape to those served with corned-beef at the cheap eating-houses. Nature is a capital place to loaf in—that is, if New Jersey is Nature—and I have every reason to believe it is.

Portland Heights consist of a range of steep hills, lying on the southern shore of Sandy Hook Bay. They are the first land visible from inward-bound vessels, and may also be seen from the Narrows, from Staten Island, and, I think, from several other places. The scenery, as viewed from my window, is varied and beautiful, comprising the following "objects of interest:"

1. Water (Sandy Hook Bay).
2. Staten Island (very fine, full-length view).
3. Water (Raritan Bay).
4. Long Island (beautiful distance, showing Rock away).
5. Water (the Narrows).
6. Sandy Hook (picturesque, with lighthouse, etc.).
7. Water (entrance to the harbor).
8. The Atlantic (the Ocean, not the Magazine).
9. More water.

These ingredients, as you may easily imagine, form a most unexceptionable marine view, surpassed by none that ornamented the walls of the National Academy of Design during the last exhibition. Portland Heights is not a watering place, but it is an exceedingly watery place.

If, perchance, I desire the sights and sounds of fashionable rustication, there is THOMSON'S Pavilion (why "Pavilion?"), two and a half miles away, and as there are two bar-rooms on the premises, I have visited the establishment a number of times. It looks pleasant, with the sailboats scudding up and down the river, the bathing parties on the beach, and the plenitude of young ladies—some of them quite pretty—with a plenitude of crinoline, sitting about, in the shade, on the grass plots, and in the gardens, with fans, and flats, and guitars, and things. The scene reminded me, on fine afternoons, of ALDRICH'S observation—at least, I think it is his; it sounds like him—of the

Orient garden sweet,
Where the crimson violets broadly blow,
And the golden-tawny hyacinths grow,
That October breezes fan;
And where, on a dainty rustic seat,
Sit several dainty little girls
With bronze-brown eyes and languid curls,
Touching, with taper fingers fleet,
The silvery chords of the yataghan!

But, notwithstanding the beauty of the picture thus presented, I most enjoy the freedom of my airy East chamber, where my library (a dictionary, "MAUD," "WILSON'S Human Anatomy," and a volume of DE BALZAC), my pipes, my Æolian harp, and myself, preserve an equitable and harmonious condition of existence together.

Amid these surroundings, my labors are light. To be sure, work is only an amusement, in a place where one has nothing else to do—where there are no boats suitable for fancy rowing, no roads suitable for fancy driving, no water warm enough (generally) for fancy swimming, and no society prone to fancy conversation—but I do not approve of amusements, so I do not work.

But there are many pleasant, retired places about, where the trees make a goodly shade, and the grass makes a goodly couch. As my invariable costume is that of the native 'long-shoremen—a scarlet flannel shirt, and a pair of canvas pantaloons—I am not afraid to lie down anywhere, at ease, to read, or smoke, or write. Oftenest, though, I like to meditate, to rest, and to gather strength from the "magnetism of the forces" that my host—a philosophical gentleman—says may be absorbed by lying upon the earth. When the wind is a little easterly, it brings a long-drawn, breezy monotone with it; a resonant rumble, rising, falling, and sweeping by with inexpressible dreaminess. That is the surf on Sandy Hook, and it makes divine music to go to sleep by.

When I am too lazy to lie beneath the trees, I go a-fishing. There is a certain old wreck near here—the remains of a marl schooner, sunk on the flats some years ago—and it is a sort of gathering-place for the finny tribe. At low tide, the ancient ribs and timbers, that have "suffered a sea-change, into something rich and strange," poke their green and weedy heads above the surface, and are wonderfully suggestive of submarine scenery. Knots of dark purple mussels, and streamers of dulces, cling to them; the water swirls and ripples around them; the checquered reflections of sunlit waves dance upon their greenish-black shadows, and down, far down beneath, mysteriously dim in the semi-translucent brine, lie vague hints of other beams and braces, that never see the light.

About these the sea-bass, blackfish, and porgies, love to linger. I don't wonder at it. It looks delightfully cool and refreshing down there. The wonder is that the blessed little ignoramuses ever allow themselves to be drawn out of such a loitering place, for the paltry consideration of a fragment of clam—and that with clams at only a shilling a hundred! Were I a fish, I would go clam-bereft all my days, rather than exchange the bars of the Navesink for those of a grid iron!

I wish, my dear PARK, that you could entrust all your duties to JOHN, sometime, and take a week of vacation here. I don't think you are quite so inveterate a lotos-eater as myself, but I could guarantee you a period of first-class laziness. I would offer you my spandiest red shirt,—the one with brass buttons,—my best pipe, and lay in an extra supply of fishhooks. As I know you can't come, I feel perfectly safe in inviting you.

Seriously, however, I do not see why you might not leave your valuable journal some Saturday, and sojourn here until Monday—just long enough to taste the joys of 'long-shore existence—to "loaf and enjoy your soul," as the Kosmos saith, or, if you felt energetic, to climb the rugged mountain's brow, and chase the bounding clam. Can't you?

Hoping that you can, I remain, with the best of wishes for both paper and editor,

O. A.

Chess Column

OF

The New York Saturday Press.

AUGUST 13TH, 1859.

Replies and Remarks.

— The American Chess world has met with a heavy loss. On the thirtieth of July died JOSEPH ALONZO POTTER, of Salem, Massachusetts, an eminent problem composer and a pleasant Chess writer. He was but little over twenty-one years of age; yet his compositions have been long known, both to European and American chess circles. He conducted, for some months, with great talent and zeal, the chess column of the Boston *American Union*, and since its discontinuance, he has busied himself with plans for the compilation of a work on the game similar to Tomlinson's pleasant Chess Annual. Lovers of chess everywhere will regret the early loss of one who ardently admired our scientific recreation. His beautiful conceptions will keep his memory forever green.

— The humblest citizens of the checkered realm have always been called *Pawns* in English, the ancient spelling being *Paune*. In the middle ages, the French used a multiplicity of terms, such as *peon, peonnat, peonnee, peoniers, peons, peonnes*, and *pionnes*, until at length, the word arrived at its present orthography, namely, *pion*. In one old French romance they all styled "garçons." The learned Hyde erroneously derives our *pawn* from the Spanish *peon*, or French *pion*, which he thinks a contraction of *espion*, a spy, or of *peton*, a footman. Bonce correctly deduces all the foregoing terms from *pedone*, a medieval Latin term for foot-soldiers, which the pawns actually and appropriately represent. By the Italians the pawn is named *pedone*, which is an evident proof of Bonce's etymology. The Russian and Polish designations also signify foot-soldiers. But the Germans, Danes, and Swedes have converted them into *peasants*. The word in German is *bauer*, and in Danish and Swedish, *bonde*. The Icelanders, however, derive their term directly from the above-mentioned barbarous Latin word, and call the pawn *ped* or *peth*. In an old Latin *Morality on Chess*, these foot-soldiers are thus described by one who was evidently no great friend of the lower orders: "The poor Pawn goes directly forward in his simplicity; but whenever he will take he does so obliquely. Thus man, while he is poor and contented, keeps within compass and lives honestly; but in search of temporal honors he fawns, cringes, and forwwears himself, and thus goes obliquely till he gains a superior degree on the chessboard of the world. When the Pawn attains the utmost in his power, he changes to *Fers* (Queen), and in like manner humble poverty becomes rich and insolent."

— We have lying before us the first two numbers of *The Philidorian*, the little periodical mentioned in our last. It is edited by W. P. J. and O. A. M., two lovers of chess, in Charleston, South Carolina, and is printed on eight small pages. We wish it every success and a speedy enlargement in size. Its price is five cents a-number, and its address is Box 408, Postoffice, Charleston, S. C.

— The following verses were addressed to Dr. Budden, a translator of Greco's treatise on chess:

> Sir, now unravell'd is the golden fleece:
> Men that could onely fool at fox-and-geese
> Are now made politicians by the book,
> And can both judge and conquer with a look.
> The hidden fate of Princes you unfold,
> Court, Clergy, Commons, by your laws controll'd,
> Strange, serious wantoning! all that they
> Hinder'd and cluttr'd for, you wisely play.

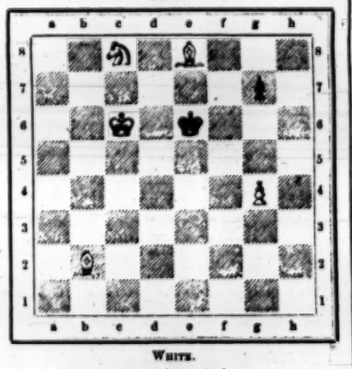
— The *Sunday Delta*, of New Orleans, gravely informs one of its correspondents that a certain C. H., of the Crescent City, has really composed the stupendous number of 10,855 problems! In other words, these unknown initials have been more prolific than the combined body of problemists from the time of Metasim Billah downward; and must have elaborated one position a day for the last thirty years! When so industrious a composer as S. Loyd considers three problems per week good work, we may be pardoned for asking, at the very least, why the public has not been favored with more than two or three of C. H.'s productions?

— The June number of the Berlin *Schachzeitung* contains a lithographed portrait of Mr. Morphy, and an interesting analysis of the 1. f2—f4 opening.

PROBLEM NO. 29.

By MAX LANGE, of Berlin.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHESS PROBLEMS,

AND A NEW COLLECTION OF THEM.

Chess could not have been played for any great length of time, before the discovery must have been made, that the Chessboard was capable of furnishing a collateral amusement unthought of, in all probability, by the inventor of the game. A pretty or difficult mate would be remembered, and the position from which it was given exhibited as a puzzle. A few of these puzzles, in the hands of some ingenious player, would soon lead to the construction of arbitrary positions, involving some beautiful or hidden principle.

In some such way as this, what we call Problems must have had their origin: and with their invention came the knowledge that one person could play at chess as well as two. When no antagonist was at hand, the solitary chess-lover could now sit down to his board and vanquish himself. The enthusiast, too excitable to engage in a game without injury to his brain and nerves, could now satisfy his scacco-mania to the utmost, and be able to snore as loud as any thereafter.

The new variation of chess must have become immediately popular. The world has always been fond of enigmas and riddles, and here was an addition to its store as beautiful as it was inexhaustible. And the amusement to be derived from this branch of chess had the advantage over the game itself, of being two-fold. The solver of others' puzzles could, in turn, become the constructor of enigmas for others to solve. Of course this advantage no longer exists; but at that early day, no one had yet thought to record the moves of games actually played. The estimation in which the poetic department of chess is held, may be seen by an examination of the various chess columns, past and present. Many of these have given nothing but problems: in others, the game is frequently omitted, the diagram never. We know of but one column which has published games and no positions—that of the Philadelphia *City Item*.

There are positions in existence which claim an antiquity of more than a thousand years. Problem-composing in America is, necessarily, a thing of very recent date. The first American conception is little more than a dozen years old. Since its appearance, about 2500 positions—very few more or less—have been published in about sixty chess columns and magazines, and some half-dozen books.

When Mr. Morphy began to demonstrate the superiority of American chess games, the doubtfulness of showing American equality in the matter of chess problems occurred to more than one searcher after mates; and the SATURDAY PRESS called upon our problemists to set about the publication of an American Alexandre. But the almost endless labor necessary to be expended in collecting and testing so many positions, and the possibility that the enterprising chess-man who fathered such an undertaking might have to pay roundly for the privilege of benefiting the chess public, were, seemingly, enough to deter the most enthusiastic of enthusiasts. Some months since, however, Messrs. Eugene B. Cook and W. R. Henry made known the fact that they would undertake the preparation of such a collection provided a general desire for it was expressed in a practical manner. With a chess furor pervading the length and breadth of the land; with a chess club in every village; and with thirty newspapers devoting a portion of their space to the game, it might be expected that such an enterprise would meet with a ready and liberal support. We learn, however, that the publication of the prospectus in some twenty-five papers brought direct subscribers to the number of—three or four! A few friends of the undertaking have solicited subscriptions, and in this way a number of copies have been contracted for, sufficient to defray about one-third of the expenses of publication. The editors tell us that they were disposed, at first, to be somewhat disgusted. But they could by no means persuade themselves that their book was not desired, that the chess-public was too indolent to write its name, or of any other fact in any way discreditable to the august body last mentioned. They have, therefore, we believe, come to the conclusion that the said chess-public is fearful that, if too much encouragement be given, they will come to regard their enterprise as of too much importance, and as a consequence, acquire an undue addition to their personal vanity. Satisfied that this is the true solution of the smallness of their subscription list, the editors have determined not to abandon the project, but rather, in gratitude for the care taken of their morals, to do more, and better, than they promised in the prospectus.

"AMERICAN CHESS-NUTS" is the title chosen for the book. The play upon words embodied in it was first used in November, 1848, as a signature, by a correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. At that remote period, the peculiar genius of our friend *Nicodemus*, had not yet developed itself, and consequently, chess puns were less common than they are at the present day. Mr. Staunton appreciated the neatness of the one in question, and made frequent use of it in the *News*, and in the *Chess Players' Chronicle*. It has now, like umbrellas and the Indian Problem, become public property.

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Silver-plated Ice Pitchers, "Ice Urns," etc.,

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"Spalding's Prepared Glue."

Useful in Every House.

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DON'T GO BEYOND YOUR DEPTH IN THE WATER,

UNLESS YOU HAVE ON ONE OF

DELANO'S LIFE-PRESERVING VESTS.

Everybody will readily admit that one of the greatest pleasures connected with a rustic or sea-shore residence in the Summer time, is that involved in BATHING; but it will also be granted, that this healthful amusement (and it is as delightful as as it is healthful) cannot be enjoyed by anybody, especially Women and Children, in perfect security, unless something to save them from treacherous currents, from cramps, or any sudden calamity, is always at hand. To compass this necessity, the

LIFE-PRESERVING COAT AND VEST CO.,

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have designed and manufactured a grand assortment of

BATHING DRESSES,

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That will Float the Most Helpless Wearer

in safety in the surf, or among breakers, and of course in gentle and fresh waters.

Hands of families, and others, are respectfully invited to examine our assortment. A female is in attendance to take orders from ladies.

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*** Orders promptly filled for any part of the World.

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TWO HOURS TO WEST POINT.

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Leaves Pier foot of Jay street, North River, EVERY AFTERNOON at quarter before 4 o'clock (Sundays excepted), landing at West Point, Cozzen's Dock, Cold Spring, New Hamburg, Newburg, and Poughkeepsie, each way.

Returning, leaves Poughkeepsie EVERY MORNING at 6 1-2 Newburgh 7 1-2, and West Point 8 o'clock.

Visitors to West Point may leave New York quarter before four o'clock, reach the Government Dock at 6 (in time for the "evening drill"), where omnibuses are always in waiting to take passengers to either "Cozzen's," or "Rowe's Hotel."

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ELEGANT ICE URNS.

Something Stylish—Something New!

This beautiful article is DOUBLE WALLED like the "Ice Pitcher," and is a most suitable ornament for the Drawing-room or Dining Table in Summer. During the Winter, when not required for its legitimate use,

May be Used as a Coffee or Tea Urn,

as it performs a double duty, and is, therefore, serviceable

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND!"

Symmetrical and artistic in form, and of elegant material, but needs to be used to be appreciated.

Ice Urns,

Ice Pitchers,

Ice Coolers.

All who need these most seasonable artices, will find them here in great variety. Call and see the new ICE URN.

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"We have given it a trial, and have found it quick as hunger in taking hold, and firm as death in holding fast."—[New Yorker, July 30th, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!!!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

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SAVE THE PIECES!!!

ECONOMY!! DISPATCH!!

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

Accidents will happen even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, etc.

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meets all such emergencies, and no household should be without it. It is always ready and up to the sticking point. There is no longer a necessity for limping chairs, splintered veneers, headless dolls, and broken cradles. It is just the article for cane, shell, or other ornamental work so popular with ladies of refinement and taste.

This admirable preparation is used cold, being chemically held in solution, and possessing all the valuable qualities of the best cabinet-makers' Glue. It may be used in the place of ordinary mucilage, being vastly more adhesive.

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N. B.—A BRUSH accompanies each bottle.

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☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually to every household.

Sold by all prominent Stationers, Druggists, Hardware and Furniture dealers, Grocers, and Fancy Stores.

Country merchants should make a note of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, when making up their Fall list. It will stand any climate.

NEW READING FROM

Head's "Tale of a Trumpet":

"It is not the thing for me, I know it,
To wrest this ore silver up, and blow it,
But it's the foot and Tiber will show it."

THE GENUINE AND ORIGINAL

Woven Extension Skeleton Skirt

First introduced by me, is, without doubt, the very best skirt in the market, combining all the requisites of a first-class skirt. The springs are

Song About Nothing.

I'm thinking just now of nothing,
For there's nothing in all I see;
And I am well pleased with nothing,
And the world is nothing to me.
So I sing the praise of nothing,
For nothing is perfect and true;
And I'm madly in love with nothing,
Though that is nothing to you.

I began my life with nothing,
And nothing on nothing lives;
For the world is good for nothing,
And nothing for nothing gives.
Moreover, I sprang from nothing,
And nothing has sprung from me;
And my Muse is fond of nothing,
And nothing her theme shall be.

At home they taught me nothing,
And nothing I learned at school;
And I began to work at nothing,
And nothing made me a fool.
So I have a taste for nothing,
For nothing I ever would choose:
And all I am worth is nothing,
And nothing I have to lose.

Hence I place my faith in nothing,
For nothing will long endure;
And I've learned to count upon nothing,
For nothing, you know, is sure.
And I keep on singing of nothing,
Because nothing is on my mind;
And the world it tends to nothing,
And nothing is in the wind.

Thus I've clung through life to nothing,
And in nothing put my trust:
For the world amounts to nothing,
And nothing is more than dust.

H. C. JR.

The High Church—The Low Church—The Hard Church—The Broad Church.

[*From the Warminster Review.*]

In the old Tory days, although then as at every time, individual clergymen existed whose character was too rich and varied to be sketched by one rude outline, yet the great majority of ecclesiastics were easily to be recognized as of the High or Low Church; and the High might be described as the worldly and the learned, except that the same man was often both. Without any sensible or censurable untruth, a sufficiently unfavorable picture might be drawn of all the types. That small portion of the High Church which was certainly learned, was eminently wanting in independent active thought. It arranged, digested, and reproduced the opinions, sentences, and arguments of other men. It did not inquire what was true, but what had been decided. It was to theology what a school of lawyers is to past legislation. It set forth the four first Councils as authoritative, the later Councils as respectable, except where they happened to be heretics. It often talked of Apostolic Succession, but without dreaming to push to its legitimate results the logic which lies at the bottom of that theory. It neither had nor desired any scientific principles. It revered all the learned men of the Anglican Church, and was not wholly unable to honor learning even in unepiscopal Protestants. These respectable and probably amiable persons were the chief ornaments of that old High Church, the majority of whom measured ecclesiastical good by the wealth of revenues and worldly dignities, and saw with quiescent apathy the grossest vices of the people around, if indeed they did not share them. . . . . .

In the very year 1833, while Evangelicalism was ending its public mission, the first "Tracts for the Times" were published, which heralded the birth of Puseyism—a passing storm, which has cleared and renewed the air. The warm welcome and temporary strength of this essentially baseless school is to be accounted for (among other reasons) by the fact that the High Church was awakening to a painful sense that it had no scientific theology. It still had a few representatives of the old learning; but, as we have said, these learned men aimed at no consistent and boldly-pushed logic, much less at any deeply-founded first principles. Dr. Lloyd, Regius Professor of Theology at Oxford, who shortly afterwards was made bishop also, was the first in recent days who tried to found a school of learned theology in that university; and under him both Pusey and J. H. Newman, then very young men, heard (perhaps for the first time) systematic efforts at really scientific exposition, and thorough discussion, on at least a historical, if not also on a philosophic basis. But Bishop Lloyd died prematurely; and when, soon after, his young friends commenced a new movement, widely different from his, it would seem that Pusey (then Hebrew Professor and an Arabic scholar) chiefly contributed learning, while Newman gave subtle thought and all-grasping fusing logic. The Evangelicals had never affected to be learned, much less to be philosophical and profound; yet if such accomplishments are to be despised, what is all the academical apparatus to the Church? Minds which had risen above the low, dull atmosphere in which the old Church vegetated, could not help aspiring to unite science and religion; perhaps even the more when they consciously understood little the foundations of such religion as they had. Dislike of Evangelical pretensions was superadded to contempt of Evangelical want of learning; hence nearly the whole residue of the Church and University, older and younger (that is, nearly all that was not merely Evangelical), seemed for a little while to be joined in the Puseyite movement. The new Regius Professor of Theology, Dr. Burton, and the accomplished Dr. Hampden, since Bishop of Hereford, were at first supposed to belong to it; as also was the Rev. F. Maurice, though his very first published book is said to have gravely offended Pusey. The explosion at Oxford against Hampden, when he was appointed successor to Burton (who also proved short-lived), first revealed to the non-academical public that the High Church itself contained strongly-marked diversities, since recognized as the *Broad Church* and the *Hard Church*, both opposed to Puseyism.

The *Hard Church* is new in name only. The epithet is not complimentary, and does not need illustration by the mention of personalities. It applies to one who, though fancying himself a theologian, is eminently deficient in that first element of religion which philosophers call "a sense of the Infinite;" who actively plies a very confident logic concerning the superficial parts and propositions of religion, while wholly insensible of its inward depth and difficulty; and imagines that he can frame an indictment, not only against the human kind, but against thousands of the best men of his own age, and convict them at the bar of God and of reason. An utter want of humility conspires in such men with defect of veneration and absence of tenderness.

The *Hard Church* includes, as its very name may suggest, types of character largely distinct, the lowest of which was obvious enough in a past day. We mean that of the clergyman, in whom other accomplishments not properly theological, so predominate, that his clerical character seems but an accident, and his large toleration of dissentients savors more of the strong-minded man of the world than of the tender-hearted spiritualist. But what is practically new in the Broad Church is the union of learning, science, comprehensive charity, devotional character, and sufficient orthodoxy to remain in the Anglican ministry. In a stage of knowledge which cannot recur, men like Cudworth or Hooker might combine these qualities; but since the development of modern physics, nothing of the sort seemed possible; and probably the English public was incredulous of it, until the revelation of Dr. Arnold's character took them by surprise. Arnold had great simplicity and force of moral sense. Intellectually, he was first-rate in nothing; but he had what Bacon defines as great "capacity"—the quality most needed by a statesman. He had enough learning to estimate learning and borrow it; sufficient idea of the need of a theological philosophy to be a respectful listener to all philosophies, while modestly attaching himself to one. To a superficial observer he might seem not to be a devotedly religious man, because he was an ardent politician; but his religion embraced politics as a part of duty, and aspired to Christianize all worldly action. To compare him, as to the depth of his devotional principles, with this or that Evangelical, is no problem for us. Suffice it here to say, that he clearly had enough of inward religion to understand and appreciate that of other men of every school, and that while he lived he was vilified by those Evangelical organs which would now gladly claim him as one of their worthies.

Another good man, lately deceased, may be here named for honor as still more characteristic of the Broad Church than Arnold, because he was neither schoolmaster nor politician, but long devoted his great accomplishments and peculiar genius exclusively to theological action;—we mean Archdeacon Julius Hare. His defects as an observer of life were more than compensated by a certain passionate inwardness. In doctrinal theory he perhaps approached the Evangelicals more nearly than did Arnold, of which indeed his fervent admiration of Luther may seem to be an indication. But his theoretical and practical estimate of learning, his efforts for scientific treatment, his Platonic and historical erudition, as well as his wide sympathies for good men of every creed, separate him from the Evangelical school, and award him to the Broad Church. Such a man was a singular phenomenon forty and thirty years ago. We dare not sit as judges to say who or how many remain with us as his equals; but without presumption we may express the belief that clergymen now abound who are popularly referred to the High Church, or perhaps even to the Puseyites, but really are of too noble and rich a character for any of the current appellations; who esteem and pursue learning and science as essential to religion, who disdain and grieve over the narrowness of the Evangelicals and their devotion to systems of words, who nevertheless have so much fervor of religion as would set their credit high for sanctity if they would adopt the Evangelical exclusiveness.

The vast improvement which the High Church (in laity as well as clergy) has undergone since the days of Wesley and Romaine, of itself makes the position of the old Low Church absurd and mischievous, and marks it to belong to a bygone system as much as that of Romanism. The perpetual assumption that they were peculiarly and solely "the people of God," the true Israel, the regenerate, and that all who did not hold their formulas and enter their freemasonry were "the world that lieth in wickedness," has tainted them with unreality, with foppery, and with absurdity. To pay this homage to their superiority is the passport to their sympathies, to refuse it is to insure that one shall be looked at as but "almost a Christian." We do not mean wholly to deny that the general increase of research and knowledge has reached this part of the clergy; nevertheless, that other primitive error of their founders—contempt of learning and of all profound inquiry—has entailed on the school collectively (alike in Church and in dissent) a peculiar weakness of mind, which is felt through every page of their writing. They never even attempt to sound a moral question to the bottom. They reason incessantly, yet they would not have other men reason, and claim a right to despise both the argumentative and the perceptive powers of others. They profess that they possess the Spirit of God, but are amazed and affronted if others make the same profession. They imagine that the tones of prophecy which the first Evangelicals adopted against drunkenness and other sensualities, against low worldliness, against grasping covetousness, against slave-dealing or election bribery, can have weight in *their* mouths against men who are ostensibly their equals in noble aims and pure morals, and possibly their superiors in knowledge, talents, and age. So long as they imbibe with their first strong religious emotions the dogma that thenceforward they are to confine close thought and analysis to the process of *justifying* the Scripture and *harmonizing* it with itself, they must continue, we suppose, to degenerate

A few men may indeed be named who, on the whole, would popularly be referred to the Evangelicals, and nevertheless show more zeal for the public virtue than for notions. To these, we believe, the Bishop of London belongs. We should be sorry to think that so numerous a body is surrendered to untractable fanaticism, yet we cannot mistake in judging that it is the "Broad Church" to which alone a thoughtful and reasonable Anglican can look with pride. Many of this class have achieved the task of being able to understand their opponents, which is at once the token and cause of superiority. So long as two parties are deaf to one another or incapable of sympathy, each loses a precious advantage. The Broad Church now not only has its ear open to the voice of antiquity, as the Puseyites, and their predecessors the learned clergy, but is bold enough to read German theology, German philosophy, and boldest of all, the writings of English heresy. Their principal men are aware that they speak and write, not to an artificial audience, but to the nation, and that as the nation hears every side of a question, so must its instructors, if they are to be respected by the classes which have the highest accomplishment. It is in this openness to listen with candor, far more than by any definite doctrine, that the Broad Church is contrasted at once to the Hard Church and to the Evangelicals, and claims, as of course, such men as Arnold, Hampden, and Julius Hare.

[For the N. Y. Saturday Press.]

PILLSBURY'S HYMN.

(As sung by him to the tune of "We won't go home till Morning.")

In the good old days of the Dungeon and Stake;
When the glorious old curfew made folks betake
To their beds at nine in the evening,
To their beds at nine in the evening;
When the jolly old priest, with his reverend sword,
Poked up vile heretics, until they roared
Under the holy chastening,
Under the holy chastening;
When the Lord's chosen chums did merrily sing,
While the chink in their coffers did jovially ring,
You must go to church on Sunday,
You must go to church on Sunday,
You must go to church on Sunday,
Or pay for staying away.
etc., etc., etc.

A. P. B.

LETTER FROM A RECENT CONVERT TO FREE-LOVE.

How Abigail Moses learned what her "inward nature" required, and that Hiram Moses, her husband, was a looby.

I rally haint a minute of time, dear neighbor, Mrs. Baldwin, to devote to nobody, but I do reckon I'd better just let you know somethin' about this here society of Associationers I'm contemplatin' joinin'. Afore I begin I'd like to menshun that if you'd just step in and see to husband's stockins, I'd take it agreeable. I hadn't no time to mend 'em, for Professor K——h had such a heap to tell me about the innard development, and of his spiritual coalition with my spiritual witals, that I sat a good bit longer than I meant to, with him; and somehow or other he katched a hold of my hand an' said he didn't know when he'd been so monstrously drawed to anybody afore. He hadn't nothin' to say agin my husband; he might be a very clever person; but yet he felt convinced my nature was sich an elevated one, he rally believed my wants hadn't never been met.

I told him sure enough they hadn't, but I reckoned the reason was, we were too poor to go to further expense in buyin' things. But I did confess, if there was a want I had, it was for a new parlor carpet, cuss was a gettin so shabby. The Professor gin me an awful nudge then, and said I must excuse him, if he didn't feel disposed for jokin' that mornin'; he was a sufferin' most tremiujous innard tortures, 'cause he'd been misunderstood the day before by a person who wasn't great enough to comprehend him. Of course I let on *I* understood him, and pretended I'd been jokin', but arterwards, when I went to the meetin' I found out all about what it meant; and I'm real miserable, neighbor Baldwin, to think I've been a livin' these sixteen years with Hiram Moses an' he's never yet comprehended what my natur' required.

I know my hull bein' aint called into play; there's only one set of faculties agoin, an' I might as well be a livin' mummy as to be mated with such a noodle. Brother B——e see he's convinced me and him has sich a sympathy fur one another that we must have played together when we was children in some other state of existence, an' though I don't remember ever bein' in that state, yet I s'pose it's all just so. Brother B——e is a very spiritual soul, an' is jest as developed as he can be. Me and him has such good times together and such beautiful attractions to one another, that we don't think no more of kissin' than if we was sisters. He said I needn't tell Hiram, though, for it wasn't likely he'd understand how such spiritual love was. Unless him of three common-place kids's playmates to say, he's a rumpot, about me a kissin' another woman's husband.

I do declare its too bad to be fussed into sich a position as I am with Hiram; but Dr. C——s ups that's just the way with him and his wife; she hates me understandin' of the tiled beauty of sich feelin's, and don't begin to fill up the measure of his soul's yearnin' after perfection. Poor fellow! he's so often cast back upon himself that it is enough to crush his too sensitive natur. The meetins on Thursday nights is all the comfort I have. There's been Professor K——h, and ——m G——t, an Dr. E——y, an' Mr. B——e, that's all situated just in the same uncomfortable way in their domestic relations, besides several females that's studyin' medicine and 'natomy, so hard that they partake quite of the natur' of skeletons. Their souls is developed at the expense of their poor frail, perishable bodies.

E—— B——m don't think no more of dissectin' dead bodies than she would of cuttin' up a roast chicken. I don't know as I'd trust her to treat my neuralogy, but Hiram might just as well employ the poor thing for his rheumatis as not. She looks as though she might handle a right grippin' case pretty severe. And the best of all is the principles we purfess. There we sit the hull evenin' and jest discourse about the poor oppressed critturs that have to get their livin' at shovellin' snow, an' handlin' wood, an' so on. It would rally do your marrow bones good to see the benevolence and charity that prevails; an' how they remarks, they don't want nobody to do nothin' that don't agree with 'em—an' I'm sure mendin' stockins don't agree with me.

An' they tell sich lovely anecdotes about the people who go an' get every thing done as cheap as they can, so as to cheat folks, an' grind down the poor. And then besides all this active goodness an' a struggin' to redeem their feller beins, they have a festival about once a year, so as to hear the remarks of them as come from the furrin' cities—such as Boston and Philadelphia—about the wickedness of people in not payin' their workmen; an' Brother C—— often draws tears from the female members regardin' the trampin' down to their blessed privileges. He's lovely, an' their aint one of us females, ugly or otherwise, but what he's willin' to embrace in gospel love.

I do hope, neighbor Baldwin, that I'm as virtuous a person as there is in the world; but I must say I can't see one bit of harm in relievin' my full sympathies in the buzzums of them as are my spiritual partners—cause, wat's the body anyhow? 'Taint no more than a wet blanket throw'd over the spirit—a squenchin' the yarnin' after that soul communion that every well developed person feels. Mr. B—— says I'm a "great soul," an' that sich sentiments has inaugurated me more tangibly into his best feelins than any paltry taken' on of what the false and holler world calls "modesty."

I'm come to the end of my sheet, an' here's Hiram just come in; Hugh! My soul revolts from him. But I'm doomed to misery. Pity my unfortunate organization that requires sich different associations.

Yours, Abigail Moses.

P. S. I send you some verses which I've bin a ritin to try to settle the commotions that's continually raging in my brest when I think of my contrary attractions.

VERSES BY ABIGAIL MOSES.

I ain't a-doin' nothin' else,
But walkin' paths that's thorny;
For him as meets my merry soul,
Is gone to California;
And now I'm left to bear the brunt,
Of life with Hiram Moses,
Who's just as different from me,
As poppies is from roses.

He eats and drinks, and works and sleeps,
An' aint a bad provider;
But nectar's all the same to him,
As so much beer and cider.
I hate this way of doin' life,
In cause of vulgar fractions;
My spirit yearns for sympathy,
And pastoral attractions.

My spiral nature's inward self
Has gone and been divided;
Of course I can't be nothin' else
But inwardly lop-sided;
I keep a grappin' arter things,
That's neither here nor yonder,
Just like a goose that's yoked for life
To him that aint her gander.

I know we meet in spirit yet,
But somehow human nater',
Let's try to squench it all we can,
Develope soon or later,
And if it's true "a dill pickle is grass,"
Its time old Hiram Moses
Was grassin in the pickle now
For that Metempsychosis.

He haint got no ideal life,
An' "pivotal reverbrie"
He don't begin to comprehend,
Or even think of celebrie;
I sometimes wish my views of things
Was all confined to wittals,
To making bread and punkin pies
And scrubin pots and kittles.

And then I shouldn't feel so bad,
Because I shut revealin'
To some one else's father half
My undeveloped feelins;
I wonder when the time'll come,
That in Association,
A studyin' of the beautiful,
I'll follow my vocation.

A Young Girl in Boy's Clothes.

A young man made his appearance in Justice Purdy's office last evening, in company with an officer, whose very fair complexion and generally girlish appearance at once attracted attention. He had a pretty face, a world of brown ringlets, melting blue eyes, and such a winning little mouth, with dimples at the corners, that no woman could have resisted falling in love with him on the spot—a circumstance that, to experienced eyes, sharpened with long familiarity with feminine eccentricities, suggested doubts of sexual identity—suspicions that the pretty boy was no boy at all, but only a pretty girl in boy's clothes. With the doubt came the confirmation in the account of the officer, who stated that he arrested his prisoner at the instance of a boarding-house keeper on Randolph street, named Mrs. Murray, who alleged that she was a runaway girl in boy's clothes. She was quite shocked at her detection and at the inquisitive eyes directed upon her, and, for some time, declined to make any answer to the questions put, except by spiteful little pouts, but she finally regained her temper, and gave an account of herself, with many hesitations and half-frightened glances at the listeners gathered around. She said her name was Minnie Harris, and that she belonged in Canada, some where near Woodstock, if anybody knows where that is, and that her father was a market gardener, who had no appreciation of the troubles of young ladies of a romantic disposition.

She had received a tolerably good education, the principal element of which was an extensive course of novel reading, from which she had gathered enlarged ideas of the sphere designed for the development of young ladies in the bud. She thought that washing dishes was the last thing for a lovelorn to engage in, and she thought some of becoming a heroine, and told her father so. He did not appreciate her romantic sentiments, and sent her to bed of sufficient duration to obliterate the lady-like ideas. Being unacquainted with the plot of this hitherto interesting work, we are unable to state its subsequence, but gathered from her narrative that there was a young lady in it who ran away from home in boy's clothes, climbed over a mountain, rolled up her dresses to fight a big giant, but succeeded in subduing him with a glance of her mild eye, and then dashed herself across a broad way in a dog-cart, to a great city, where she had many charming and successful adventures, and finally married rich.

Minnie awoke in the morning, with her blue eyes suffused with tears at her hard fate, which were not done away by the events of the day, concluding, as they did, of several hours application to the washtub, in compliance with the drunkard's stern behests. Her mind was made up that night to deliver in the footsteps of the heroine-sisters Geraldine. No more washtub for her—no more dishcloth to disturb her romantic visions; no more drudgery to dash the springtime of her sentimental soul—all should be novelty, adventure, and success. She would go and teach school, sell dry goods, embroider fancy work, or engage in any other light diversion, until some rich gentleman came and threw himself at her feet, offered to fill all her pecuniaries, and married her in a halo of happiness.

She went, in the best suit of her youngest brother, and arrived in Detroit a couple of weeks ago. Here she found herself alone and friendless among a multitude of strangers, not one of whom cared a straw's value for her welfare. What on earth to do she did not know, and in despair she went to the boarding-house, and cried her eyes out during the first two or three days, after which she settled down into a listless, bewildered state of mind, and made no effort whatever to help herself. The consequence was that sharp eyes soon discovered her secret, and she was speedily handed over to the police; so here she was, and that was her story, and all she wanted was to get home. Glad enough was she to hear that she would be sent there by the first train in the morning.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HAUNTED.

BY H. L. FLAGG.

Heart-curses on that shadow there,
That glides upon my sight;
Why does it come with its streaming hair,
And its eyes still bright, with a great despair,
Blasting the breath of night?

It creeps about like a hideous thing
From the ghastly bins of hell,
And it laughs till all the chambers ring,
And I turn pale as a coward king,
When he hears his own death-knell.

I fear you not, though your eyes are bright,
What care I for the dead?
Though I entered your room in the hush of night,
And stabbed your breast till the foamy white
Of your bosom turned to red.

I drank the blood of your paramour
The night that I shed your own;
You kissed the lips of a wretched lover—
You, with the charms of a Pompadour,
And the grave to sit on a throne!

Back—back! and hide that horrid gash
That gapes on your bosom's white;
The gleam of your eyes is a crimson flash—
The thunder roars, I fall in the crash,
And die in your hated sight.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE EMPEROR'S ADDRESS.

"Gentlemen: Finding myself again in the midst of you, who, during my absence, have shown so much devotion to the Empress and to my son, I feel first of all the desire to thank you, and then to explain to you the motives of my conduct.

"When, after a successful campaign of two months, the French and Sardinian armies pitched their camp before the walls of Verona, the struggle was evidently on the point of undergoing a change in a military as well as in a political point of view, I was fatally obliged to attack in front an enemy intrenched behind great fortresses, protected against any diversion on his flanks by the neutrality of the territories which surrounded him; and in commencing the long and sterile war of siege I found in presence of me Europe in arms, ready either to dispute our success or aggravate our reverses.

"Nevertheless, the difficulty of the enterprise would neither have shaken my resolution nor stopped the enthusiasm of my army, had not the means been out of proportion with the results to be expected. It was necessary to resolve boldly to break through the barriers raised by neutral territories, and then to accept the struggle on the Rhine as well as on the Adige. It came to this: to accept everywhere the support of revolution. More precious blood must have been shed, and enough has been shed already; in a word, to succeed it was necessary to stake what no sovereign ought to stake, unless the independence of his country is in danger.

"If, then, I stopped short, it was not from weariness or exhaustion, nor from abandonment of the noble cause I wished to serve, but because a louder voice spoke within my heart—'The interests of France.'

"Do you imagine it cost me nothing to put a brake upon the ardor of my soldiers, who, excited by victory, wished to advance?

"Do you suppose it cost me nothing publicly in the face of Europe to curtail from my programme the territory which extends from the Mincio to the Adriatic?

"Do you imagine that it cost me nothing to behold noble illusions destroyed in honest hearts, patriotic hopes extinguished?

"To serve Italian independence I waged war against the wish of Europe. As soon as the destinies of my country, were imperilled, I concluded peace.

"And can it now be said that our efforts and our sacrifices are a pure loss? No. As I said in my farewell address to my soldiers, we have a right to be proud of this short campaign. In four combats and two battles a powerful army, inferior to none in organization and bravery, has been defeated. The King of Piedmont, once styled the Guardian of the Alps, has seen his country delivered from invasion, and the frontier line of his States extended from the Ticino to the Mincio. The idea of Italian nationality is admitted by its warmest opponents. All the sovereigns of the Italian peninsula understand at last the imperious necessity of salutary reforms.

"Thus, after having given a new proof of the military power of France, the peace which I have concluded will be fruitful of happy results; the future will reveal them daily more and more for the happiness of Italy, the influence of France, the quiet of Europe."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says that this speech had quite lost for the Emperor the popularity which he won among the dangerous chances of the capital by his military success.

MANIFESTO OF AUSTRIA.

On the 15th the Emperor of Austria arrived at Lauenburg, and next morning the following Imperial manifesto was published in the *Wiener Zeitung*:

"To my Troops:—When the measure of permissible concessions, that is, such as are in keeping with the dignity of the Crown, and with the honor and welfare of the country, is exhausted—when all efforts to bring about a pacific understanding have failed, there is no longer any choice, and what is indispensable becomes a duty. This duty placed me under the painful necessity of requiring from my people new and heavy sacrifices to enable me to take the field in defence of their most sacred rights.

"My faithful people responded to my summons, unanimously rallied around the throne, and made the various sacrifices required by circumstances with a readiness which merited my grateful acknowledgment, if possible, increased my humble attachment to them, and inspired me with confidence that the just cause, in defence of which my gallant army was prepared with enthusiasm to do battle, would triumph.

"Unfortunately, the result was not what was generally expected. Tenderness of war was not favorable to us. Austria's gallant army has again given us such brilliant proofs of its old-tried heroism, and unparalleled steadiness, that it has even excited the admiration of its antagonists. I am proud to be the commander of such an army, and the country must be grateful to it for having so vigorously maintained the honor of the flag of Austria, and for having preserved it from spot or blemish.

"It is an equally indisputable fact that our adversaries, notwithstanding the greatest exertions, and the employment of ample means, which had been long preparing for the intended blow, were unable—although the position made were tremendous—to obtain a decisive victory. The enemy acquired advantages, but the Austrian army, being undaunted in strength and courage, maintained a position which left the possibility open of regaining them.

"The attempt to do this would, however, have required new and not less bloody sacrifices than those which had already filled my heart with sorrow. Under such circumstances, it was my imperative duty as a monarch to take into consideration the preparations for peace which were made me. The stake which the continuance of the war would have involved would have been even greater than before, as I should have been compelled to require from the faithful provinces of the empire further and greater supplies of men and money than those already given. The result of renewed exertions would, besides, have been doubtful, as I was bitterly deceived in my well-founded hope that I should not stand alone in a war which was not undertaken for the rights of Austria alone.

"Notwithstanding the warm and gratefully to be acknowledged sympathy felt for our just cause in the greater part of Germany, by the governments as well as by the people, our oldest and most natural allies obstinately refused to take cognisance of the high importance of the great question of the day. Austria was obliged alone to meet coming events, the importance of which might increase from day to day.

"The honor of Austria—thanks to the heroic exertions of her gallant army—having sustained no blemish during the war, I resolved, for political considerations, to make a sacrifice, and to sign the preliminaries which had been agreed to as a preparation for the conclusion of peace. *I did this after having acquired the conviction that less unfavorable conditions were to be obtained by a direct understanding with the Emperor of the French, than by means of negotiations, in which the three Great Powers not concerned in the struggle would share, and which their collective project of mediation was likely to receive their moral support.*

"Unfortunately, the separation of the greater part of Lombardy from the empire was unavoidable. It however gives me heartfelt pleasure to have restored to my beloved people the blessings of peace, which are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they will give me leisure to direct my whole and uninterrupted attention and care to the completion of a duty which I have imposed on myself. It is, firmly to establish the internal welfare, and external power of Austria, by a judicious development of its rich, moral, and material strength, as also by making such improvements in the legislation and administration as are in accordance with the spirit of the age. As my people faithfully stood by me in the moment of severe trial, so may they now, by showing confidence in me, assist in the work of peace, and in the realization of my benevolent intentions.

"My recognition of its services, and my thanks, I have already expressed to the army in an order of the day. I now repeat the expression of my sentiments, by thanking my people for the heroism of their sons, who went to battle for God, their Emperor, and their country. Of the comrades—and they will never be forgotten—who remained on the field of battle, I think with sorrow. Francis Joseph.

"Lauenburg, July 15."

Love-Matters.

— Frederick Hotaff, a Cincinnati German, wrote his will on a cellar door, cut his throat from ear to ear, and jumped into the river, because a neighbor charged him with improper intimacy with his wife.

— On the 2nd instant Mrs. Eunice Bradley, of Johnson, Marshall county, Ohio, gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are healthy, and doing well. The mother was married to Mr. Timothy Bradley in 1856, and has twice already presented her husband with twins. He is said to be proud of his treasures, and although a laborer, refuses to part with any of them. The three boys have been christened after men of note—Joshua R. Giddings, Elijah Champlin, and James Johnson—who have acknowledged the compliment by testimonials: Mr. Giddings with a gold medal, Mr. Champlin with a deed of fifty acres of land, and Mr. Johnson with a cow.

The tendency to plural births is hereditary; Mrs. Bradley herself being one of triplets, her father and mother being twin children, and a grandmother the parent of five pairs of twins. As hereditary predispositions are apt to become aggravated, the imagination stands aghast at the prospective increase of this family.

— Among the divorce cases of the last week was that of James and Alice Hampton. This is one of those cases in which the wife is the guilty party. The parties were married thirteen years ago in Philadelphia, and have five children. The husband complained that after their removal to this State his wife commenced to disregard her marriage vows, and in Brooklyn about a year ago, had illicit intercourse with a man named Dempsey and various other parties. The wife made no answer and the matter was referred to a referee, who reported in favor of the husband. The Court granted a decree of divorce against the wife.

— A letter from Utah states that the Mormons have nominated Horace S. Eldridge for delegate to Congress, in place of Bernhisel, present member.

— A free negro fortune-teller, Elisha Malone, was whipped to death in Dinwiddie county, Va., last week, by a negro man, slave of Mr. D. Roney. The sable seer had been visiting the wife of the slave for some time previous, on the pretext of telling her fortune, which excited the jealousy of her husband, who, watching his opportunity, seized the offender in the woods, tied him to a tree, and whipped him to death with switches.

— The Mormon saints are persecuted in New York by a perverse generation of heathenish magistrates, who do not appreciate the revelations of the Prophet Smith. A day or two since, Daniel Lee, an Englishman, and a full believer in polygamy, was brought before Alderman Smith, at the lower Police Court, on a charge of bigamy. Honora Towers, of No. 14 Desbrosses street, deposed that she was married to the defendant on the 25th of January, 1857, by the Rev. Father Brennan, of the James street Catholic church. Anne Shannon, of No. 189 Orchard street, alleged that she was present at the marriage of her sister Mary to the defendant, at St. Luke's church, London, England, on the 25th of March, 1856, and that the said Mary is still alive and undivorced from her husband. The case for the people was very short, but it was to the point and conclusive against the prisoner. The two wives were in court during the examination, and appeared quite pleased when the magistrate ordered the prisoner to be committed.

— Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Co., of this city, have just published, in a neat octavo volume, the "Opening Speech of John Graham, Esq., to the Jury, on the part of the Defence, on the Trial of the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, April 9th and 11th, 1859." Considering Mr. Sickles's recent developments, some parts of the "speech" will be read, just now, with peculiar interest.

Jane looks at me so sweete, I look at Jane,
And we both felt sentimentally perplexed;
We was both happy 'nough to go home,
And we sat there for a short time, and hexed.

— The August number of *The Hearthside* (a magazine devoted to domestic economy and the welfare of woman) says:

Disguise it as we may, men now buy their wives. Love-matches are far less numerous than money-matches. And even in cases where love may influence some, money does more. Even in cases where love may have been the controlling motive for the union, it is soon weakened by the feeling of power on the one hand and that of pecuniary dependence on the other. The wife feels degraded, and how can she love him who degrades her? The feeling of pecuniary dependence is the most galling ill that wives now suffer. To be subject to the whims, caprices, and passions of a mean and tyrannical master for the supply of the common necessities of life, must upon love. They feel life and energy sapped by it. They must be free to love truly. Who wonders that they become extravagant, or indifferent to their husband's interests when they are allowed no direct power in the matter? Emancipation from this condition will be a great step towards the elevation of woman.

— Mr. Greeley, having left the mines of Kansas, is now among the Mormons of Utah. If he reports as favorably of the latter as he did of the former, the emigration to Salt Lake will be as active as that to Pike's Peak—and about as profitable to the emigrants.

— It is said that Daniel E. Sickles was expelled from the Sons of Malta Immediately upon the fact becoming known that he had renewed conjugal relations with his wife. The Maltese cats would do as well to look after their own love-matters.

— A man aged 80 years, and living in the Parish of Killagan, Ireland, was married on the 18th ult., to a young lady only 25 years old, who has been blind for the last ten years. The bridegroom is lame, and cannot go without the aid of a crutch.

— The N. Y. *Evening Post* says that Mr. Choate was so true and perfect a husband and father that no thought of his being a great man ever entered the household.

— Longfellow describes a flirt as a young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishment than learning, more charm of person than grace of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

— The Detroit papers report the following case: "A man named Robert Edwards, who lives in the town of Greenfield, about five miles from Detroit, was arrested on Sunday evening by officer Gunning. The charge against him is of quite a serious nature, the facts being as follows: Several years ago, the wife of Edwards took a young girl by the name of Dougherty, whose mother resides in this city, for the purpose of bringing her up. After a time, Mrs. Edwards died, and her husband representing that the girl was quite necessary to him as a housekeeper, and that he would clothe and treat her well and pay a certain sum for her services, she was allowed to remain with him. Edwards, by his wiles, soon managed to seduce her, and about two years since she became a mother. The seduction and birth remained unknown to Mrs. Dougherty until a few days ago, who, as soon as she became cognisant of the way matters had progressed, through her son-in-law, a Mr. Foster, endeavored to have Edwards make all the reparation in his power, viz: marry the mother of his child. He refused, saying it would be all right; when Mr. Foster, learning that he was about to bring about a marriage between his victim and a half-witted fellow employed by him as a farm hand, a warrant was issued and placed in the hands of officer Gunning, who, after a long chase, apprehended him on Sunday morning. The officer visited the farm, but Edwards was secreted and could not be found, but was discovered soon after on the ferryboat, on his way from Windsor to Detroit. The prisoner is now in jail."

— At the Convention of Spiritualists, held at Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of August, the novel feature of a marriage between two Spiritualists was introduced among the exercises. It is thus described:

The declaration of sentiments having been got rid of, the next matter in order was the solemnization of marriage between Mr. Nathan C. Lewis and Mrs. Eunice A Babbitt, of Boston. The lady was dressed in loose, flowing robes of white, deeply trimmed in blue, and wore blue satin shoes. The two girls, her daughters by a former marriage, were dressed in exactly the same style, and followed her to the platform. The bridegroom placed himself beside her. He is a physician. Both had been married before, and each is about 35 years of age.

Mr. Loveland, who was formerly a Methodist minister, though he does not now appreciate the title of "reverend," addressing the concregation, said:

"Although Spiritualists in general do not accept, but are opposed to the regulations that exist legally in regard to the subjugation of woman in the marriage relations, still they do generally, if not universally, admit the propriety of making a public acknowledgment of their relations."

Then, turning to the interested parties, he said:

"My brother and sister, I ask you to make no promise, I impose upon you no obligation. All the obligations you have, you have yourselves assumed in your own spirits. I know your hearts. You have already in your spirits consummated the union as far as it could possibly be. I stand not here to marry you. This congregation are not witnesses, and are not called upon to be witnesses of your marriage. But I stand here to affirm legally the fact, and to ask this congregation to join with me in pronouncing a benediction and blessing on the union into which you have entered, which you here acknowledge, and which you here formally before the world complete. In token, then, of this union, which you have cemented in your souls and which you now confess before the world, please join your right hands."

The happy couple complied with the request. Then Mr. Loveland placed a hand on each of their heads, and blessed them in this form:

"And now, on behalf of this audience, and on behalf of the attending spirits that are around us and with us, I bless this union; I bless you in their behalf, as you start together in the journey of life."

This was the whole ceremony. The bridegroom made a formal bow to the audience. The bride, who had been quietly fanning herself throughout the performance, dropped a courtesy. The pair, with their little attendants in white and blue, stepped off the platform, and the audience applauded so long that it seemed as if they wished the last scene encored.

Then Mr. Wright was called upon to say something on the subject of marriage and paternity. He spoke for a few moments, and ended by presenting to the couple a copy of one of his works, probably "The Unwelcome Child." Shortly afterward the Chairman was made the medium of handing to the bridegroom a bouquet, which he termed a volume of natural theology. Dr. Lewis accepted the gift, and promised to study it. Thus ended the marriage scene.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

Evenings with Grandfather Braddock, an Itinerant Veteran. Showing his Labors, Joys, and Triumphs in the Methodist Itinerancy. By a Member of the Philadelphia Annual Conference. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

From Dawn to Daylight; or, The Simple Story of a Western Home. By a Minister's Wife. 12mo., $1. New York: Derby & Jackson.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Ten Years of Preacher Life; or, Chapters from an Autobiography. By William Henry Milburn, author of the "Rifle, Axe, and Saddlebags." 12mo., $1. New York: Derby & Jackson.

MEDICAL.

A System of Surgery, Pathological, Diagnostic, Therapeutic, and Operative. By Samuel D. Gross, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, etc. Illustrated by Nine Hundred and Thirty-six Engravings. In two very large and beautifully printed octavo volumes, of nearly 2400 pages; strongly bound in leather, with raised bands. $12. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Opening Speech of John Graham, Esq., to the Jury, on the part of the Defence, on the Trial of Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, April 9th and 11th, 1859. Octavo, pp. 72, paper covers, 25cts. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

A First Lesson in Natural History. By Actea. In 1 vol., 16mo., with woodcuts, cloth, 62½cts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

REPRINTS FROM THE ENGLISH, ETC.

HISTORICAL.

Germany. By Madame the Baroness De Staël-Holstein. With Notes and Appendices by O. W. Wight, A.M. 2 vols., 12mo., $2 50. New York: Derby & Jackson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paris; or, A Faggot of French Sticks. By Sir Francis Head, author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau." 12mo., pp. 495, $1. New York: Michael Doolady.